

# The Listener

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## American Points of View

### The Economy of Abundance

By STUART CHASE

*The purpose of this new series is to enable listeners in this country to hear distinguished thinkers in the United States giving a frank and personal account of their various philosophies of life. The first is Mr. Stuart Chase, author of 'Men and Machines', 'The Tragedy of Waste', and many other works on social, economic and industrial subjects*

I SPEAK from an American background and in the American vernacular, but it would be a gross injustice if I failed to acknowledge my debt to many British thinkers. Mr. H. G. Wells is among the writers who first awakened me to social problems; even now I read *Tono Bungay* every year. Mr. J. A. Hobson thrust my nose into economic fundamentals, especially from a consumer's point of view. Professor Soddy and Mr. Fred Henderson helped me to develop a conception of the power age, and the frame of reference of physical reality as against the moonbeams of credits and high finance. I have learned much from G. D. H. Cole, and from Julian Huxley, Bertrand Russell, J. B. S. Haldane, Sir Patrick Geddes, R. H. Tawney, and many others. In the last analysis your speaker is perhaps primarily a product of the common Anglo-Saxon cultural tradition, rather than a wild and woolly American.

The other day I was sitting in the office of a corporation in New York, listening to its President berate the New Deal. He happens to be high in the councils of the Republican Party. The great mahogany table shivered with the thumps of his fist as he protested against little pigs being thrown into the Mississippi, and cotton being

ploughed up, and the regimentation of honest enterprise, and the reckless spending of thousands of millions of public credit. 'Why', he cried, referring to the recent elections in our most Eastern State, 'Maine was bought with relief money, and who is going to pay for it all—where is the money coming from?' 'Wait a moment', I said, 'how many unemployed have we?' 'They say ten million'. 'And how many Americans are on public relief?' 'They say twenty million'. 'What does it cost to keep twenty million people alive?' 'I don't know'. 'Well', I said, 'I'll tell you. It costs about 2,000 million dollars to keep them not much more than half alive, at 100 dollars per head per year. Does that constitute reckless extravagance?' 'It's a lot of money'. 'If Mr. Hoover had been elected in 1932, would the depression now be ended, and the unemployed today at work in private industry?' 'Well, no, I'm afraid not'. 'If you Republicans were in office today what would you do with 20 million destitute Americans?' 'I suppose we should have to feed them'. 'Precisely, and what would it cost?' 'You say 2,000 millions'. 'In other words', I said, 'so far as the one outstanding problem of the present crisis is concerned—namely, keeping one-sixth of the American population alive—Mr. Hoover, had he



been elected, would have had to do for relief just what Mr. Roosevelt is now doing, and the Democrats would be burning with moral indignation about buying the Maine elections, and about the reckless drunken spending of public funds'.

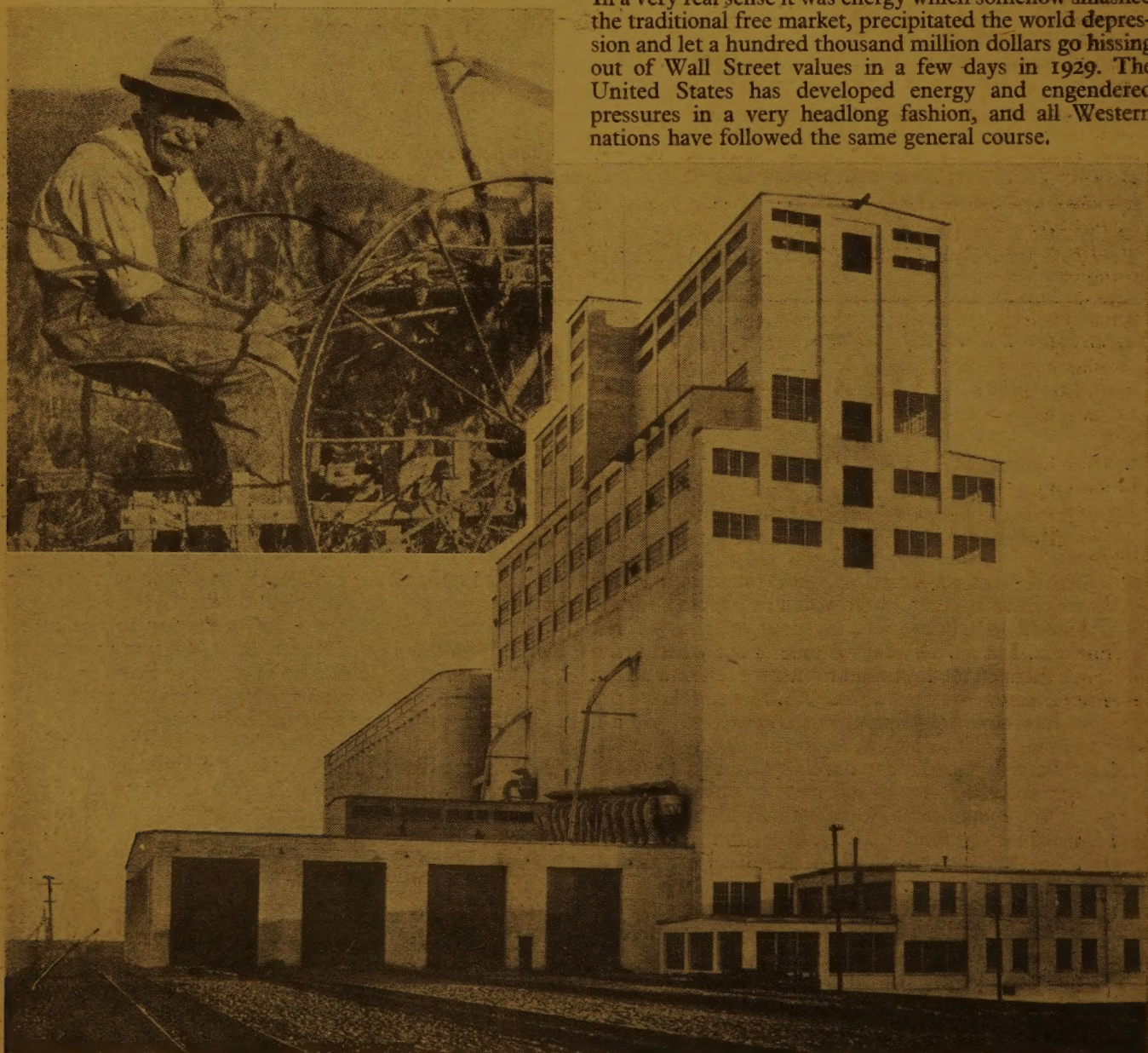
My corporation President, albeit a stout Republican, is an honest man. 'Yes', he said, 'I suppose that's true. Republican or Democrat, we are in the same boat as far as relief is concerned. We can't let people starve—we should be inviting revolution. But who is going to pay for it? How can it ever be paid? Millions and millions. Where are we going to anyway? I don't dare plan my business a month in advance: what kind of a crazy world have we entered since 1929? What is one to do? What is it all about?' He had become a different man. In place of the outraged Republican partisan was a perplexed, almost humble, human being groping for some understanding of a world that had launched such thunderbolts about his head. 'Well', he said, 'what do you think it is all about? I've never met as many as two economists who ever agreed upon anything, but at least you have been studying these larger questions while I have been trying to keep my business one jump ahead of the sheriff'.

And so I told this baffled business man what I thought it was all about for one-and-a-half hours. He listened patiently, and when I had finished, he said, 'Well, perhaps: at any rate you have got me to look over the top of

my own ledger. Perhaps you are right: perhaps we have got to change a lot of things'.

And now, with your permission, I am going to tell you what I told that business man. He was not convinced by my diagnosis, nor, probably, will you be, but if I can help you to look over the top of your private ledgers for a few moments I shall be content. It is a habit that all of us must cultivate if we are to come safely through the crisis in which Western mankind finds itself today. I began with a recital of certain gross physical facts. These things have happened—or are happening: they cannot be escaped by arguments, slogans, phrases, wishful thinking, or any other variety of the escape mechanism. With the facts before us we can try to find a pattern for interpretation. That is a prerequisite, it seems to me, for any programme for constructive action.

The first fact is that energy is the basis of life and the basis of civilisation. In the last century, in the United States, energy consumed *per caput* has increased fortyfold. Every man, woman, and child has theoretically at command forty times as much power to do work as obtained a century ago. Most of this energy is not animate—such as men or beasts—but inanimate, like coal, petroleum and falling water. Its presence in the social mechanism has engendered vast pressures unknown to a simpler economy. This energy can build—look at the Empire State Building or at Boulder Dam: and it can smash—look at 'Big Bertha'. In a very real sense it was energy which somehow smashed the traditional free market, precipitated the world depression and let a hundred thousand million dollars go hissing out of Wall Street values in a few days in 1929. The United States has developed energy and engendered pressures in a very headlong fashion, and all Western nations have followed the same general course.



The economic unit of yesterday and today: the individualist farmer, and the giant grain elevator



The second fact is that Invention has grown at a rate which, when charted, resembles a compound interest curve. The depression has in some respects accentuated the curve by encouraging labour-saving devices and cheaper processes as gross income has declined. Invention is like a vine, starting from a single stalk and proliferating upward in spreading branches.

The third fact is that, as a result of the increase of energy and invention, costs of production in terms of man-hours of work are the lowest in history, and going lower. The only proof needed is the colossal extent of the overhead establishment—the salesmen, middlemen, politicians, professional people, armies, navies, advertisers, service tradesmen, who are supported, relatively speaking, by a few farmers, industrial and transport workers, aided by inanimate energy. The food, clothing, shelter and other essentials of life are produced and distributed at a small fraction of the man-hour cost that all earlier cultures have known.

In the last analysis, the man-hour must be the measure of true cost. But though costs have been tumbling as mass production methods have improved, money costs in dollars—or in pounds—have remained stubbornly high. Expressed in man-hours, the cost of living today is probably not more than one-third of what it was a century ago, but expressed in dollars it is higher than a century ago. Prices have not come down with technical improvements, except in certain cases. When Henry Ford tried deliberately to bring his prices into rough alignment with costs he was frowned upon by the financial world. That simply was not cricket. Prices should be fixed at the point of what the traffic will bear. In many industries the traffic bore up better by the formation of a monopoly, overt or covert, as the case might be.

Prices have been sticky throughout the industrial revolution, with the result that the price structure is all out of alignment with the technological structure. In 1929 the technological structure burst through the paper system of the bankers and hurled many prices down the back stairs into the cellar. But other prices did not fall—interest rates and railroad rates are still out of alignment and still remain fantastic.

The fourth fact is that energy and invention have produced technical unemployment, and so diminished the buying power. Not very long ago I visited the plant of the



Food for millions  
Packing-room in a raisin factory: the fruit is packed in cartons and boxes, which move on an endless chain and are delivered right into the railway-trucks outside

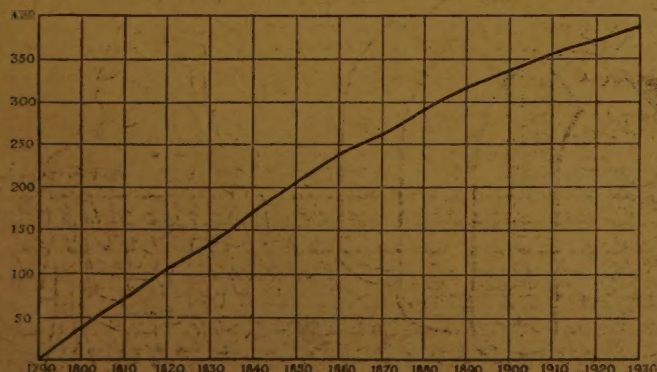
Dorion Leigh

A. O. Smith Corporation at Milwaukee. There I found a great machine, filling the whole building, which seizes raw steel at one end and pushes out finished frames for automobile bodies at the other end: ten thousand a day; three million a year. This one building can supply frames for more automobiles than the entire country produced in 1933. But attending this machine are fewer than 200 men: they simply set gauges, inspect the process, control the endless flow of shining frames. And side by side is another building of an older design which uses a semi-automatic, not the full automatic, process. It is a far larger building, but the output is the same. Here the men do much of the work on the frames themselves. When operated at capacity, two thousand men are employed. I asked the President of the Company how many men it would take to manufacture ten thousand body-frames a day by the still older machine process before conveyor belts and standard parts were introduced. At least twenty thousand, he said. And here we have the threat of technological unemployment quite vividly. Twenty thousand men using hand machines give way to two thousand men using semi-automatic methods, who give way to 200 men on the full automatic machines. And all for an identical output.

It is significant that round about 1920 in the United States the man-power employed in all our great industrial divisions began to decline. Throughout the period of prosperity, with production steadily increasing, we employed fewer farmers, fewer miners, and fewer factory workers and railroad workers. The beginning of the last decade was thus a time of signal importance in the history of the Industrial Revolution. It marked the turning point where industrial efficiency apparently had no use for more man-power in the great primary industries, no matter how much output increased.

The fifth fact is that a further result of energy and invention has been to tie a whole continent into one productive mechanism, where one section furnishes the food supplies and another coal, iron-ore, petroleum. Other sections specialise in pottery or textiles or motor-car manufacturing, while the transport and communication industries link all together with arms of cement, copper and steel.

(Continued on page 749)



Increase per cent. of the population of the United States between 1790 and 1930

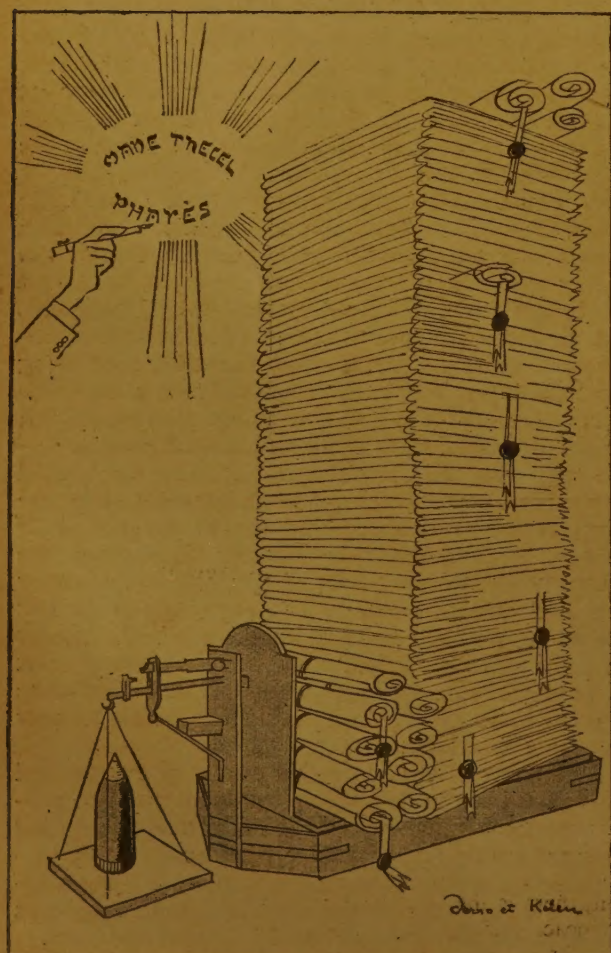


# The Golden Age of Conferences

Some examples from the exhibition of cartoons by Derso and Kelen (two Hungarian artists who work at Geneva) opened by Sir John Simon on October 22 at the headquarters of the All Peoples' Association, 9 Arlington Street, S.W. 1



Graph Alpine  
Any World Economic Conference Delegate's Holiday Nightmare



Pesé et trouvé trop léger



Il faut choisir: bouches à feu—ou bouches à nourrir!



## Causes of War

## Peace Through Imperial Isolation?

By the Rt. Hon. the LORD BEAVERBROOK

EVERYWHERE I go I hear men and women asking one another a question. It is repeated over and over again, in many forms, but always meaning the same thing. When shall we have another war? All Europe believes that war is inevitable. America is convinced that Europe will fight again. Britain believes that the nations are preparing for war and cannot now avoid it. But is war really inevitable? And why is it inevitable? What are the causes of war?

So far as Britain is concerned, the question is easy to answer. The causes of war, if we are engaged again, will almost certainly be the means we are taking to avoid war. And what are these means? First, there is the preservation of the Balance of Power in Europe. And the Balance of Power has been the real objective of succeeding Governments in Britain for many generations. It has sometimes been a concealed policy, but it has always been the real policy of most of our public men. No Power must be allowed to dominate the Continent lest in its arrogance it should attack us. It may not have been a bad policy in days gone by, though I am not called upon to defend it. But what use is it now? War does not now produce one dominating nation. It produces many demoralised nations. All the nations taking part emerge from it weak,

not strong. Why? Because the whole population takes part in the war, the whole resources of the nation are involved. In the old days only the fighting forces were concerned and only the territories where the invaders passed were devastated. The lands of the conquering Power were seldom invaded. But now devastation falls on victor and vanquished alike. Every square yard of land is liable to attack. And so, when the war is ended, the nations engaged in it are completely exhausted. They have nothing left. The casualties have been so high, the destruction of property has been on so gigantic a scale, the weariness is so complete and overwhelming that, as we have learned by experience, there is no use asking even a money indemnity from the defeated enemy.

This great change in the character of war is due, of course, to the development of the airplane, to the submarine and the pitiless use of that weapon, to the tank, growing always in size and radius and speed, to the big guns booming out the message of death, to artillery fire so concentrated that it

obliterates even nature's landmarks on the countryside. So here we have a complete revolution in the weapons of war, every bit as striking a change as the change from bows and arrows to gunpowder and siege guns.

No. There is no more use talking about the balance of power. It gives no guarantee of peace to Britain. On the contrary. The pursuit of the balance of power by Britain

inevitably plunges us into war on account of it. And from that war Britain, whether victorious or vanquished, must emerge weary and exhausted, the Empire broken, the nation ruined.

The second project of those who seek safety is alliances. But where does the policy of alliances lead to? It simply means that we join one group in Europe, or the other, just as before the War. It is the old bad game. In practice, the policy of alliances means an alliance with France or an alliance with Germany. But an alliance with Germany is out of the question. The British people would not tolerate it. They know that Germany is steadily preparing for the day when she will revenge herself on the victors of the last war and recover her territorial losses. So the policy of alliances means a French alliance. But if the policy is to be effective we must be on the winning side. If you choose to take sides in a



L'Arche de Briand

(Von Schubert, Chamberlain, Luther, Scialoja, Vandervelde, Bénès, Briand)

'Briand lâcha la colombe, et c'est le canard qui lui revint portant la branche d'olivier'

fight, you must choose the side that is going to win.

But is France going to be the winner of the next war? Do not be too sure. Many believe that Germany will triumph in the day of battle. Certainly many foreign nations believe it. Poland is evidently persuaded of it. The Serbians are no longer sure that France will win. Rumania seems to be in doubt.

You may say that the policy of alliances is justified by the belief that our intervention on one side or the other will determine the issue. But that is true no longer. There is no prospect that we shall give victory to our allies. There is no such thing as victory any more. In modern war all nations are defeated.

Then, there is the third plan for safety. Some say: 'Let us pursue peace and security through the League of Nations'. Is that where we are to look for security? The League has never been a League of the whole world. It is less so today than ever it was. America is not a member; Germany



is not in it; neither is Japan. By the very nature of the League it must represent all the nations if it is to be effective. If it does not represent them all, it inevitably becomes not an instrument for peace, but a menace to peace. It must in time become an alliance of those who are in the League, against those who are outside it. The main purpose of the League has been the defence of the Treaty of Versailles. It has been the private property of the French Republic. It has been used to sustain not the cause of peace but the hegemony of France in Europe. It now serves only one purpose. It is the headquarters of an anti-Hitler alliance. It can offer us no guarantee of peace. It can only promise collective action against Germany in the event of war.

And if we reject the pursuit of the Balance of Power; if we refuse alliances; if we rely no longer on the League of Nations, what then should be our policy? It is quite plain, quite simple—Isolation. It means standing aside from international quarrels. It means keeping out of those dangerous entanglements which are called international friendships and alliances. It means going our own way and fighting only when we are attacked.

Now what are the arguments in favour of this policy? There is first of all the argument of the Empire. If we reject this policy of isolation, the Empire will break up, its unity will be destroyed. The Dominions will not follow us if we go into quarrels in Europe. They have already refused the Treaty of Locarno. And the moment a situation arises where you have the Dominions at peace and Britain at war, the Empire is at an end.

There is another argument. If we follow the path of isolation, there is a chance that when the next war comes, as it must come, we shall keep out of it. I think it is a very good chance. But if we continue to pursue the policy of entanglements in Europe, it is absolutely certain that we cannot escape the next war. We must be involved in it.

America has adopted the policy of isolation. President Roosevelt has approved of the declaration that the United States will not participate in European political negotiations

and settlements, and will not make any commitments to use its armed forces for the settlement of any dispute anywhere.

That is isolation. That is the policy we should follow. One effect of doing so would be to associate our policy with that of America. We should be their companions in isolation. That is the necessary first step to a co-operation of the Anglo-Saxon nations for the maintenance of peace and the furthering of the consciousness of peace. It simply means all the Anglo-Saxon peoples saying: 'We take no part in wars'. That is the splendid possibility which the isolation policy holds out to us. Will anyone deny that it is infinitely finer and more hopeful, more appealing to the highest ideals of man than anything we could achieve by a policy of interference in Europe?

Now what are the objections to isolation? There is, first of all, the argument of those who say, 'But Britain is committed already'. We have given our word to foreign nations. We have pledged ourselves to war. And we cannot in honour escape from these obligations. I deny this utterly. There are no commitments which the British people cannot bring to an end as soon as they resolve to do so. There are no pledges which cannot be honourably terminated.

But what of the Treaty of Locarno? Are we bound by Locarno? Certainly not. Treaties only remain valid so long as the circumstances in which they were made remain the same. It has been said over and over again that there is an unwritten clause in every treaty bringing it to an end if things do not remain as they were. But are conditions the same as they were when Locarno was signed? Of course not. At that time, Stresemann was the leader in Germany. He was pursuing a peaceful policy. But now Hitler is the master of Germany. And Germany is making ready for war with feverish speed under this mad dictatorship of men who bait the Jews and persecute the Roman Catholics. Under the Treaty of Locarno we are expected to go to the aid of Germany if she is attacked by France. Assume that it happened. Assume that we were called on to march to the defence of Germany against France. Would the Jews march? Would the Roman Catholics of this

country fight? Would the people of Britain go to battle under the banner of Hitler? It is a preposterous notion. It has only to be mentioned for its absurdity to be made manifest. The people of Britain will not march to the aid of Germany. They will say, 'This is not the Germany with



Britain's political commitments on the Continent—  
What Locarno means. Left: France, if attacked by Germany, would be supported by Britain, Italy and Belgium—also by Poland and Czechoslovakia, with whom she has defensive alliances. Right: Germany, if attacked by France, would be supported by Britain, Italy and Belgium



—and the network of actual and projected Continental alliances  
What the projected Eastern Locarno Pact would mean if realised. Left: An attack by Russia on any of the other signatories would bring Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and the Baltic States to the support of the aggressed country, by virtue of the pact, and also France, guarantor of the pact. Right: Similarly, an attack by Germany on another signatory would line up against her Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Baltic States and France



If the Eastern Locarno Pact were signed, the area covered by pacts of non-aggression and mutual assistance by Locarno, Eastern Locarno, and Balkan treaties, would extend over nearly all Europe

which we made the Treaty of Locarno. Things are not the same'.

And France has destroyed the Treaty of Locarno. The purpose of that Treaty was to secure disarmament. The intention of France was to disarm. But France has not disarmed. She has refused to disarm. The whole object of Locarno has been frustrated by this refusal of the French. The Treaty has been broken and France has broken it.

And Germany has destroyed the Treaty of Locarno. Under Article 10 the Treaty only came into force when Ger-





many joined the League of Nations. But Germany has now left the League. The whole object of Locarno has been frustrated by this resignation from the League. The Treaty of Locarno has been broken and Germany has broken it. The Treaty of Locarno has been broken to bits. Broken three times over. Broken by France; broken by Germany; and broken by events. The Treaty is dead. Our obligations are over and done.

There is another objection to the policy of isolation. It is said we dare not risk the danger of the whole world rising in arms against us. It is said that the British Empire is splendid plunder and bound to be seized if we fail to protect ourselves by one of these three methods: the Balance of Power, Alliances, the League of Nations. What a ridiculous argument! What a foolish suggestion! The world combine against us? We have seen fifteen years of futile efforts to unite Europe in a common purpose. These efforts failed. If Europe cannot make a combination, how can the world work together? Unity in Europe is an impossibility. There never has been concerted action by European powers. Even the coalitions they formed to pursue their own quarrels have had short lives. A union of the European powers against us is not within the realm of reality. Unity of purpose among the peoples of Europe is not a possibility worthy of discussion. We must turn away from these European countries and their hatreds. We must turn to the Empire.

Unity of purpose among the peoples of the Empire is a reality. Rely on the strength of the Empire. That is the unity which can be trusted, the unity that grows every day, the unity that develops from year to year. Put your faith in that unity. Trust in the power of our people at home and across the seas to defend the Imperial heritage. And do not be misled by those who say that we have been weakened by the develop-



Britain's trade connections with the Empire and the Continent  
The figures underlined show the value in 1933 (in pounds) of Britain's imports from each country; the others, the value of Britain's exports to each country

ment of the airplane. That is a statement frequently made. But it will not bear examination. The truth is that the vast space of the Dominions makes them the inevitable nursery of a commercial air transport unrivalled in the world. The Dominions cannot grow to their full economic stature except through the development of civil aviation. It is as essential to them as the railway was to Britain.

And it is on the expansion of commercial flying that the military air strength of the future depends. To the civil air service you turn for pilots

and machines when the hour of danger comes. Just as Britain built her navy on the adventurers roaming the seas in pursuit of commerce, so will an Imperial air force of the highest degree of efficiency and the maximum striking power spring, naturally and effortlessly, from the development of the commercial wing.

The Empire is strong and will be stronger. We have nothing to fear from an isolation within its bounds. And what a splendid vision opens for us within them of the years to come! There we shall find immense riches of raw materials, vast natural resources of every description, abundant opportunities for the enterprise and vigour of our race. In the Empire the possibilities for achieving world peace are immense. In the Empire we can build a unit of civilisation based upon sure foundations. In the Empire we can raise a structure that will stand the storms and tempests of the years to come. There we can forge a sure and certain shield against war, not only to those who inhabit the Empire, but to the whole Anglo-Saxon race.

The text of General Smuts' recent Rectorial Address at St. Andrews University will shortly be published by Alexander MacLehose and Co.



# *As the Artist Has Seen the Horrors of War*



Thirteenth century: section of a Japanese roll-painting



Fifteenth century: from a French manuscript of the school of Fouquet



Seventeenth century: engraving by Callot from *Misères de la Guerre*





Nineteenth century: One of Goya's series of engravings on 'The Horrors of War'

*British Museum*



Twentieth century: Orpen's painting of 'The Receiving Room, 42nd Stationary Hospital'

*Imperial War Museum (Crown Copyright Reserved)*





# The Listener

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.*

## G.P.O.

**J**AM tomorrow and jam yesterday,' they said to Alice, and what was true of jam is true also of letters. Roughly speaking, every man, woman and child, however new-born, receives something by post every other day. This huge total of 6,753,000,000 postal packets a year is but one of the many figures with which the new Post Office review, called *The Post Office, 1934\**, is packed. No other department of the Government touches everyday life so constantly or is so immediately essential to business and private life. The high standard of reliability of the G.P.O. is now such that nobody is easily believed who attempts to explain that he has not answered a letter because he has not received it or because it took days to come. But there are some branches of this vast public business which are less happily immune from sustained criticism than the ordinary mails. The telephone is still a great causer of strained patience and irritation and Post Offices themselves have not quite lived down their old reputation as places where formidable ladies alternatively ignored or bit the heads off timid and blameless applicants for stamps. It is as part of a new policy of maintaining more direct and human contact with the general public that this Post Office review has been issued. It is twenty years since any such account was given in print of its doings by the Post Office. They have been twenty years of vigorous growth, and the topics reviewed, including as they do international as well as inland communication services, the savings bank, and air mails, show its steady expansion in every field. Such expansion means more and more intercourse with ordinary people, and the marvel must be that this huge organisation should have attained its present dimensions before organising its presentation of itself to its customers.

From one point of view the Post Office is the greatest business in the country, employing nearly a quarter of a million people. The recent creation of a Public Relations Department and the appointment last year of Sir Stephen Tallents, the Secretary of the late Empire Marketing Board, as Public Relations Officer, marked the definite recognition of a new side of governmental activity. The publicity work of the Post Office has an interest wider than itself. For a long time now great private corporations

and businesses have realised that, even if they are virtually monopolies, it is a great mistake to allow wrong impressions of their attitude to get abroad. They have realised, too, that the public does not think very clearly or closely and jumps to conclusions and generalises in the absence of better information from stray incidents and isolated events. In the United States, where there is a larger public, more standardised in its habits than the public here, the great corporations have long since elaborated a full technique for presenting their services and obtaining the goodwill of those who are destined to buy them. Viewed simply as a measure of economy, an intelligent public saves a great deal of money to a corporation by not asking questions in the wrong quarters or causing great loss of time by inquests over complaints. In a wider field, people are much more ready to utilise the services of a body in which they have been induced to feel an interest, and whose problems they have been enabled to envisage from the inside. It is hardly fanciful to suppose that the handwriting on envelopes will be substantially clearer after a Post Office film showing the heroic struggles of the sorters in the G.P.O. has brought home the truth to the public mind.

What is true of the Post Office, that it has everything to gain by letting the public see inside, is true in varying degrees of all the other departments of government. The Ministry of Transport is a particularly striking example of a department the success of whose work largely turns on the education of the different kinds of road users. The Ministry of Agriculture is a not less obvious case. It is even true of departments like the Board of Trade and the Dominions and Colonial Offices and the great Service departments, the Admiralty, the War Office and the Air Ministry. Publicity in ordinary Government departments is today in a transitional state. The old idea still lingers that the task of the publicity officer, if the department has one at all, is essentially defensive, that he is there as a goalkeeper to defend the department against pertinacious journalists, to issue official statements, and to be a channel of communication with the newspapers should the department be so unfortunate as to find itself much in the news. There are still senior Civil Servants, bred in a tradition of reticence, to whom all publicity is an offence against good taste, but today even the Treasury, or rather, the First Lord of the Treasury, has a journalist on the establishment, and, in general, the trend of the times in Whitehall is quite plainly towards an increasing recognition that the real function of those in charge of public relations is more positive than negative. In a world in which private enterprises have secured so firm a hold on the popular imagination by sustained and skilful presentation of themselves, it is an unnatural state of affairs when public activities carried on by public servants are not in the forefront of the public consciousness, and when the great departments into which the modern machinery of the State is divided lag behind private individuals instead of taking the lead in mastering this new, essential art of telling a preoccupied and distracted world what they are doing, and why.

## Week by Week

**L**ONDON University has just recognised as an approved Clinic for students of psychology the Institute of Medical Psychology in Malet Street. The Institute aims at extending to the whole community facilities for psycho-therapeutic treatment. The value of such treatment has long since been established, and today only the most old-fashioned of family doctors would talk lightly of nervous disorders, or deny that the mind plays a great part in many illnesses and can only be cured by psychological treatment. One of the features about the Institute is the teaching it



provides for members of the medical profession. That teaching, either in compressed or lengthy courses, is being increasingly utilised, and the time is not far off when every doctor will consider it necessary to have some working knowledge of modern psychology. The children of the very poor figure prominently among the patients of the Institute, and very often the treatment consists in enabling parents to understand why a difficult child is difficult. There is a nursery where children come and play and what they do for their own amusement frequently gives a clue to their hidden troubles. On a large model theatre they will enact plays of family life in which the parts they allot to, and the fates they decide for, fathers and mothers reveal very clearly their own attachments and antagonisms. The Institute is carried on by the voluntary services of over a hundred physicians and social workers. Very many of the patients can only come at night, after working hours, and the methods of psychological analysis unfortunately take a long time, so that there is today a very long waiting list. As a rule, the patients who are not free to come except at night are the patients who are still in work, the most hopeful cases, and it is the greatest pity that they have commonly to wait so long. The Institute follows the practice of the London Hospitals and adopts their limit of income for patients, sending to private practice patients above that income line. Experience has shown that it is an important part of the treatment that patients shall pay something for it, even if it is only a few pence a week, because what is quite free is commonly undervalued. But it is much to be hoped that psycho-therapeutic treatment will become as normally available to everybody who needs it as are the other medical services which the ordinary hospitals provide.

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The purpose of tonight's Air Race programme is to give the listener who during the last fortnight has picked up his information in small bits at intervals from his newspaper and his loudspeaker, a complete and coherent picture of the whole race in forty minutes. This will be done partly by records and partly by narrative: commentators, speaking as from the control points, describing the start with the last spectator reaching London when the first aeroplane reached Rome, the arrivals at Baghdad, Allahabad, Singapore, Darwin and Charleville, with Scott's and Black's Comet gradually drawing ahead from the rest. What makes this reconstruction programme particularly interesting is the high proportion of 'actual' sound it will contain. If we may make the distinction between the two words, the background noises will be 'real', being records of engines of the types used in the race, specially taken at Heston for this purpose; but the eye-witness account of the start by Squadron-Leader Helmore will be 'actual', being a record of what in fact he broadcast on the morning of October 20. 'Actual', too, will be the interviews with Mr. Jeff, the starter, Mr. Waller and Mr. Melrose, which were originally broadcast to the Empire, and the reception of Scott and Black at Melbourne. This last sound, indeed, will have gone through many processes before it reaches the listener; originally broadcast in Australia, it was there recorded, broadcast back to England a few hours later, recorded here, and now to be sent out once again!

\* \* \*

Members of the English Youth Hostels Association had a chance of paying back part of the debt they owe to the parent Associations on the Continent when last week-end they entertained at Willersley Castle, near Matlock, the delegates from fifteen nations to the Third International Conference of Youth Hostels Associations. The chief subject of discussion was reciprocity, resulting in complete and equal exchange so that a Y.H.A. member in this country can now use the hostels of fourteen others as his own. In future, too, it will be possible for members here to obtain vouchers entitling them to reduced rates on Continental railways in the same way as they now do for home travel. The object of a Conference like this is, of

course, as much to exchange ideas as to reach agreements. One notion that our Association would certainly like to see adopted is Germany's voluntary halfpenny rate payable by all persons towards the youth hostel in their own area. That so much is raised in this way is due not so much to altruism as to foresight, for during the twenty-five years the movement has existed in Germany it has been proved that those areas well served with hostels show, in comparison with others, a substantial reduction in crime and disease. Features of the English system that the foreign delegates found to praise and wished to emulate were the planning of some of the newest hostels and the conversion of old country houses into hostels; with Ovington Hall, Hartington Hall and Derwent Hall, Derbyshire is particularly rich in these. A further exchange of ideas is taking place this week in Germany, where for the first time youth hostel architects are conferring at the Berlin Building Exhibition. Although it did not appear on the agenda, there was some informal talk at the Conference on the question of access to mountains and moorlands, and those of our readers who followed the discussion on the subject in our pages this summer may be amused to hear of the astonishment with which all foreign delegates learned of the restrictions to the English and Scottish walker—particularly irksome in the very district in which the Conference took place. Very appropriately, the chairman of the Conference was Richard Schirrmann, the original founder of the hostel movement in Germany. To commemorate the occasion, he has given a plaque to be set in the wall of the new model hostel at Holmbury St. Mary, inscribed: 'Every place where happy youth would wish to wander should have its own Youth Hostel free of all distinctions'—a sentiment, we may observe, which perhaps contains a lesson for the Government-controlled hostels of his own country.

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Our Scottish correspondent writes: Most Scotsmen are experts in denigration, and there are many among us to find delight in what they would call the decline of the influence of the Church. On the admission of one of its own Committees it certainly has to face an increase of the Roman Catholic population and a continual drift towards the ranks of the 'churchless million', and find what comfort it can in the fact that of the adult population only 42 per cent. adheres officially to the Presbyterian faith. But the Church can still raise huge sums of money for its Extension campaign. When the Duke of York laid the foundation stone of a new church in Edinburgh the other day, he and his Duchess accepted cheques totalling over £12,000. A Million Penny Fund for the same purpose is going strong, and where urban populations are spilling over into new housing schemes, there the Church is planning to cater for spiritual needs. All this may fairly enough be held to argue that the hold of the Church is on the middle-classes, and the argument can be extended to suggest that the loyalty of the middle-classes is as much a social as a religious phenomenon. But if we charge the Church with a failure to hold the masses, then we must again take social and economic factors into account. If there has been backsliding, it is due to factors which neither the Church of Scotland, nor any other organised religious body, has the power or commission to control. Scotland is simply paying another of the costs of intensified industrialism, and as long as the Church throws its weight into the fight for slum clearance and rehousing it will be doing its first possible duty to the lapsed masses. Not so very long ago, a body of divinity students embarked on a missionary campaign in Bellshill, and in due course gave it up, one of their spokesmen saying bluntly enough that no man could expect faith to survive in the midst of material conditions so appalling. For the rest, the consistency of the attacks on the Church and the amount of space the discussion of Church matters takes up in the correspondence columns do not in the least suggest that it is a now negligible institution.



# Richard Strauss' 'Salomé'

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

'Salomé' will be broadcast in all Regional Programmes on November 6, and in the National Programme on November 7

**S**ALOMÉ (1906) was the first of Richard Strauss' operas to enjoy a real success. It came at a time when his fame as a composer of symphonic poems was already long established; and, after having written it, he devoted himself almost exclusively to writing operas, with which he scored many successes comparable, in magnitude and kind, to those he had won with the symphonic poems: that is, widespread and sensational, but by no means unchallenged. He is in the curious position of enjoying a greater and more general reputation than any other composer of today, and yet having to contend with relentless opposition on the part of certain critics and fractions of the public. Critics of undeniable standing are to be found who describe him as lacking the composer's fundamental requirement: the capacity to create music. In the spate of articles—mostly hymns of praise—that marked, this year, the celebration of his seventieth birthday, one by Hans Koltzsch, in the *Rheinisch Westfälische Zeitung*, puts the case against him thus:

He is like a very good writer who, thanks to a far-reaching capacity for empathy and a power to manifest this capacity in words, compels us to participate in his experiences but is unable to reach the point at which actual creation begins—who remains just a writer but cannot become a poet. The medium he uses is music, but it is not music that emanates from him.

More or less the same line is taken by Guido Pannain (*Modern Composers*) and Cecil Gray (*A Survey of Contemporary Music*), the reason for this view being that Strauss conceives music not as an end in itself, but as a means—a means of providing illustrative or symbolic equivalents of literary schemes, be they stories ('Don Quixote') or expositions of ideas ('Zarathustra'). For him, the reality of music does not lie in the music, as it does for most composers of symphonic poems, but in its relation to the reality of something else. It does not merely start from the programme or literary source of inspiration: it rests on it and needs the support of the implied word or gesture, ideas, events and circumstances. There are exceptions, of course. The most prejudiced critic would fail to find anything of the kind in 'Till Eulenspiegel', for instance. But a number of us hold that Strauss is less concerned with inventing music than with using current musical coinage for his own very special and not properly musical purposes. Koltzsch's definition of his art expresses this opinion as clearly as Pannain's statement that 'his work never falls instinctively into the true rhythm of the musical idea behind it, but reflects jerkily the passage of various concepts through his brain'; or Gray's, that 'his art is essentially a synthesis of previously existing terms, a regrouping of elements previously exploited by others'. 'Salomé', which he brought out at the age of forty-two, represents a turning-point in his career. Until then, his reputation had rested mainly on seven symphonic poems, the last of which, 'Heldenleben', appeared in 1899, and on songs. The 'Sinfonia Domestica' had come in 1904; and no few of his most fervent supporters were beginning to feel that he had reached the end of the blind alley into which his policy of making music subservient to programmes and ignoring 'the true rhythm of his musical ideas' (or, in other words, their intrinsic or potential propelling and form-building power) had led him. Even his amazing skill could no longer maintain the illusion it had created. Mr. Ernest Newman wrote: 'The "Domestica" I take to be the work of an enormously clever man who was once a genius'. But after having written 'Salomé' Strauss turned out no single instrumental work of any magnitude except the 'Alpine Symphony'.

To say that in devoting himself to opera he had found his true path is not, on the part of those who have carefully studied his early output, being wise after the event. Whether one admires 'Heldenleben' and 'Zarathustra' or not, whether one wishes or not to protest emphatically against the allegation that there is no trace of musical originality in Strauss' output, the fact remains that his avowed aim always was to develop the graphic and symbolic capacity of music—'up to the point when it would be possible accurately to describe a silver spoon in tones', he is alleged to have said; and that the field of

abstract music never exercised a real attraction on him. So, unless one is prepared to agree with Mr. Newman's view that 'to listen to "Till Eulenspiegel" or "Ein Heldenleben" or "Don Quixote" is not only to enjoy the music but to see the whole action as clearly as if one was watching it on the stage, without the boredom and provocations to laughter that are inseparable from that artificial, stagey form of art, opera' (*Musical Studies*, 1905, p. 184), one is bound to come to the conclusion that in turning from instrumental compositions to opera he followed his pre-appointed path. Opera music, like instrumental programme music, may, at the hands of an imaginative, really creative composer, acquire all the qualities of pure music despite all its dramatic aptness and realism. But even when it does not, it may still pass muster up to a point. Not only is opera concerned, at times, with immediate effects, but stage incident and characterisation justify much that would be, as music, obscure or irrelevant; they provide links where no musical relation exists. The 'bleating sheep' music in Strauss' 'Don Quixote', or—to quote a less obviously crude example—the long string of themes from other works of his in the 'hero's labours' section of 'Heldenleben', are, as they stand, no more conditioned from within than would be actual sheep made to bleat in the midst of the orchestra, or a narrator standing up to recite the titles of Strauss' other tone-poems. But in opera, things of that kind are constantly happening, and prove unexceptionable. There are bleating sheep in one scene of Debussy's 'Pelléas'; and we can well imagine the string of themes in 'Heldenleben' as an accompaniment to a stage pageant of symbolical figures.

Oscar Wilde's 'Salomé' was an ideal text for a composer with an outlook such as Strauss'. Its structure, ingenious and palpably artificial, depending largely upon studied parallels and contrasts, provided a perfect framework for a formal arrangement of musical elements conceived and used in accordance with Strauss' favourite methods, and also a great wealth of opportunities for graphic representation, picturesque imagery and symbols, from the chromatic waves that suggest the 'cooler breeze' to the thousand and one strange noises that arise with the opening and closing of the cistern in which Jokanaan is imprisoned, or the weird gasp in the double basses (an unusual effect, for which the recipe was given in Berlioz's treatise of instrumentation) when he is beheaded. All this is in keeping and indeed of positive value. But the main thing is that Strauss discovered the best possible way of treating Wilde's text as a whole, and so the impression of continuity and logic is greater than in any other work of his on a big scale. A remarkable feature is that voices and orchestra co-operate closely from beginning to end almost without a break. There is no prelude; and in the course of the action the orchestra is seldom heard alone, the only noteworthy exceptions being Jokanaan's ascent from and descent into the cistern, Salomé's dance, and a few bars here and there in the scene of the execution. Strauss perceived that Wilde's text was of a kind that rendered terseness imperative. This naturally led him to devise emphatic statements but to avoid spinning out; to make the best of his own qualities as an expert rhetorician and colourist. He has brought out everything that was latent in the drama: its background and undercurrents and every detail that Wilde had barely indicated or left untouched. He has done away with the preciousness and detachment that are fundamental features of the text, and at the same time, paradoxically, contrived to keep his vehement and insistent music in perfect accord with it—except for one or two brief spots.

In short, there is every reason to agree with Mr. Cecil Gray that 'of all Strauss' works, "Salomé" stands the best chance of ultimate survival'. Even I, who am, generally speaking, irresponsible to Strauss, cannot forget how tremendously 'Salomé' impressed me when I first heard it (1907). I have not heard it for years, and am eagerly awaiting the forthcoming broadcast in order to test both my first and my subsequent impressions of it.





Jarrow—'the worst-hit place in the country'

Aerofilms

## Surrey Adopts Jarrow

By SIR JOHN JARVIS

**T**HOSE of us who live in the more prosperous South are apt to forget that in the industrial North over a million of our countrymen are without employment.

In the County of Surrey we are embarking on a great adventure in the hope of helping *some* of them. We have decided to befriend the Tyneside in general and the town of Jarrow in particular. We have chosen Jarrow because it is the worst-hit place in the country. Three out of every four men there are unemployed; most of them have had no work for years. The fault is not theirs. The great shipbuilding works upon which they depended for their livelihood have closed down for ever, so we in Surrey are holding out the hand of fellowship to our brothers on Tyneside, and that hand isn't empty. We are offering not charity but the opportunity of work: first-aid jobs to begin with and permanent jobs, we hope, later on.

First of all, we are providing the materials for the unemployed people to decorate their rooms internally, which, in the North, is the responsibility of the tenants. In the first street of sixty-eight tenements there were sixty-five tenants unemployed, and everyone gladly accepted our offer.

But I am afraid we can't help to decorate them all, because many seem beyond hope of repair. I have myself seen families of seven, eight and nine people living in flats of one bedroom and one living-room, reeking with damp, the floors riddled with rat holes, without sculleries, larders or even an internal water supply. Thank goodness these conditions will soon be ended. There was a letter in a Newcastle paper last week signed

by six tenants telling of a nest of nine rats caught in one house whilst in another a rat had run across the bed and scratched the children's toes.

The Medical Officer of Health told me that he could only order dried milk for ailing children in these places as fresh milk would rapidly accumulate infection and an epidemic might result. Do you wonder that the death-rate for tuberculosis is double the average for the country? Luckily there are many houses more habitable than those I have mentioned.

Now we are setting some hundreds of men to work in laying out a public park. The scheme provides the wages and the corporation the materials. The men work a short five-day week, they are paid Trade Union rates, and receive more than they would draw from the dole, but less than they would earn in a full-time week. We believe that this sort of work will help to fit a long-unemployed man for a full-time job when one is available. Later on we hope to do much more. Meanwhile we realise that Jarrow cannot hope to maintain its present population for many years to come and so we are helping the young folk to find work elsewhere. Already I have hundreds of applications from would-be employers in the South who cannot get this type of labour locally.

Then we are helping unemployed people to increase the amount of food they can produce through new allotments, smallholdings and fishing. Finally, we are hoping to introduce new industries into the town, and with these and the migration schemes to help these unfortunate people back on the road to happiness and prosperity.





In a modern Hamelin

Photograph: F. Wightman, Newcastle

The conscience of Surrey has been awakened and the response has been magical. Tens of thousands of pounds have already been subscribed and almost every town and village, and almost every organisation—is working with a will to help.

The King and Queen have expressed their appreciation of the Surrey Scheme—so have people in every walk of life from the richest to the very poorest. The Prime Minister invited me to lunch with him to tell him all about it: he was sufficiently impressed to empty his pockets and give me £5. I hope I left him enough to pay for the lunch.

Other prosperous counties are awakening to the opportunity of joining in this great Crusade. Very soon we shall hear of other districts and other towns being befriended. A great surge of brotherhood from the South should carry practical comfort to our brethren in the North. If you live in the more prosperous South, won't you see to it that your county takes a hand?

## The Power House, Hebburn

JUST OVER FOUR YEARS AGO, I was appointed the first secretary of the newly formed Hebburn Council of Social Service, and was told to do whatever I could to help the people of the town of Hebburn. Since then a number of activities have been started which include an evening play-centre for four hundred children, clubs for boys and girls, a gymnasium for young people, two choirs and an orchestra, a drama group, a Durham University tutorial class, and other classes of one sort and another. Besides these we also have an occupational centre for unemployed men which includes a fishing scheme, and a club for the men's wives. With such a variety of interests we badly needed a central building of our own in which to meet. Hitherto members have had to meet in various schoolrooms, guild rooms, army huts, or anywhere else where they could secure premises. A building such as we required would have meant the raising of at least £2,000, and that was, of course, impossible in Hebburn. Then just over a year ago came the grand offer from the North Eastern Electric Supply Company of the lease of their disused Hebburn Power Station at a nominal rent. It was no more than an empty shell, but it was a building, a big one and a good one, and, what is more, it had land round it. It had all the makings of just what we wanted for our community centre. But it had to be made! As we walked round the building and visualised the vast reconstructional work necessary before the place would be suitable for our purposes, we wondered whether we should ever find men with sufficient courage to tackle such a huge project.

A dozen unemployed men volunteered to take it on and began work on the premises last December. These men were mostly unskilled, but they tackled their job with keen interest and their natural skill carried them through. They have worked without pay for the love of the job they were doing and have taken great pride in the thing that was taking shape under their hands. They have laboured day and night, as masons, plumbers, carpenters, electricians, joiners and bricklayers. Now they are installing the heating system, with a second-hand seven-chamber boiler, radiators and pipes renovated to good as new standard.

Perhaps a few details about the building itself would not be amiss, at this point. The main hall, which will seat over 400 persons, is 36 feet in height, 42 feet wide and 50 feet in length. The stage is 14 feet deep, and the proscenium opening is 20 feet by 12 feet. There was no floor in the building and the walls were bare bricks, frightfully rough and dirty. All the walls and the roof had to be washed with soap and water, after which they were treated with plaster of paris before they would take the paint properly. Archways which let into a machine-bed at the side of the hall have been filled in and look really beautiful. They are now the doorways into the classrooms, which had to be made on the machine-bed. Running the full length of the

walls at the side of the hall are huge 11-inch girders upon which a travelling crane used to work. We wondered what we could do with these. However, we fitted a row of lights in front of them and ran a panel of opal glass, a generous gift to us, the full length of the girder. This has given us charmingly decorated wall lights that add a finishing touch of distinction to the hall. The main drain is 60 yards away and we had to connect up with this and had three manholes to build. We also had to lay on the clean water supply. Experts told us that even with voluntary labour the work would cost £1,000; actually, it is going to cost about half that amount. When we tell you that we have only spent £3 on tools, you will realise under what difficulties the men have worked.

Mr. R. N. MacKellar, a well-known local architect, drew up the plans for the Power Station conversion, and Mr. Robert Lyon, of Armstrong College School of Art, designed the very striking colour scheme. The Power Station which, less than a



In process of transformation: unemployed men at work, turning Hebburn's old Power House into a community centre

Photograph: S. L. Gorer, Newcastle

year ago, was a huge building with roof girders, engine-beds and tangled remnants of machinery, is now a beautiful hall and stage fit for any occasion.

This is a proud moment for us; we have at last a home of our own. We have made it ourselves, and we are not ashamed of our handiwork. To use the words of Professor Hilton, who opened it, 'We hope the Power House will generate and disseminate, over a wide area, power of a new kind; power of human fellowship, power of knowledge, power for service'.

G. W. SUGGETT



# Industrial Assurance

A Broadcast Discussion between SIR ARNOLD WILSON, M.P., and SIR JOSEPH BURN

**SIR ARNOLD WILSON:** The position this evening, Sir Joseph, is that I am a Member of Parliament, anxious to hear what you have to say, as the General Manager of the Prudential—the biggest Industrial Assurance Company in the British Empire—about a few aspects of the Report of the Departmental Committee on Industrial Assurance which was presented to Parliament last year. Action will have to be taken on it—action has been promised on it—before long. A Bill will be laid before Parliament and will be debated clause by clause. I want to inform myself beforehand on the subject, which is of personal interest to two out of three adults in England, for there are about eighty-five million Industrial Assurance policies in force on the lives of some thirty million persons, the premiums on which are collected at intervals of less than two months, but mostly weekly, by house to house visits. Assurance funds total nearly £300 millions; the premium income is not far short of £60 millions; the sums assured are over £1½ thousand millions. The premium income is 25 per cent. more than the average amount annually invested in National Savings Certificates; it is as much as is spent on Old Age Pensions and more than the annual Vote for Education. In spite of hard times, lower wages and unemployment the premium income is still rising. For good or ill it is an element of vast importance in the life of the nation. You and I both realise, Sir Joseph, that it is only possible this evening to deal with a few of the many points that arise.

**SIR JOSEPH BURN:** £60 millions sounds a lot, but it is no more than the nation spends every year on sweets; and life assurance, you will agree, is more important than toffee or Turkish delight. It works out at less than 9d. in the pound on the nation's wages bill. Income-tax payers are allowed a rebate up to one-sixth of their income. In other words, they are encouraged to spend not 9d. in the pound but 3s. 4d. in the pound on life assurance.

The increase of Industrial Assurance in the last ten years is 48 per cent., just about the same as the increase in Ordinary Assurance. You referred to lower wages. I believe the wages are 64 per cent. above the pre-War level. The increase in premiums paid over the last ten years is 48 per cent. The cost of living has gone up 40 per cent., but undoubtedly the cost of Industrial Insurance has gone down very considerably. Putting these facts together, the result is probably that with all our efforts we have only succeeded in obtaining for the people about the same relative insurance cover as they had before. I believe the people of this country are very much under-insured, and with you I regard Industrial Assurance as a means of making people realise the necessity and duty of insurance—the only practical way of bearing each other's burdens which ensures that each man takes his fair share of the weight. It is based on the idea of undertaking to help the unfortunate before you know whether the unfortunate one is yourself or another.

I think, Sir Arnold, it should also be remembered that in spite of the lamentable number of unemployed the actual number of employed persons is greater.

**WILSON:** The Committee had some very hard things to say on this subject. It pointed out, for example, that the average weekly premium on 'own life' policies was 2½d., on husband or wife 7½d., on parents about 4d. Door-to-door collection of such small sums must be very expensive: in fact, the Committee say that the average expenses of Industrial Assurance Companies total 3½d. out of each 10d. collected, and in some cases much more. I know the biggest Companies work at a cost of about 2½d. or 3d. out of each 10d. collected, I also know the expenses include the cost of administration and the necessary and desirable work of teaching the need of assurance, but even so the system seems to me to be wasteful.

**BURN:** The Committee did say some hard things—things that men with an intimate knowledge of the British working man and of the business find it hard to understand and harder still to accept, and you must remember that the Committee's report contained much that was favourable to the Industrial Assurance business.

Door-to-door collection is of course expensive: but experience shows that it is the only way to make sure that the premiums are paid, and all committees that have ever sat are agreed on that. The working man clearly prefers this system and is prepared to pay for it. It was the absence of door-to-door collection which was the cause of the failure of the Post Office Insurance scheme.

In this connection I may point out that the Ministry of Health Report for 1933 shows that the cost of administration of National Health Insurance is over 2½d. in the 1s., and of course in addition there is the cost of collection undertaken by the employers which must be very great, although it is impossible to assess it. I think if it were possible to compare the actual costs the results shown would be very much in favour of Industrial Assurance.

**WILSON:** All that may very well be true, Sir Joseph, but it does not relieve my anxiety to see excessive costs cut down. I am not condemning particular companies or mentioning names this evening: it is all in the Report and the evidence. Unfortunately, though the Report costs only 2s., the evidence costs £3 to buy from the Stationery Office, and so scarcely anyone has read it. I doubt if it is in any public library.

**BURN:** I am entirely in agreement with you that everything should be done to reduce the cost of Industrial Assurance, but the difficulty is to discover the best means of doing it.

It appears to be generally believed that the Government is able to accomplish this sort of work cheaply, but all my investigations have convinced me that the same costs or even higher costs are always incurred although often hidden. During the last few years quite extraordinary reductions in cost have been effected by some Industrial Assurance Offices. There seems every reason to believe that this progressive decrease will continue.

**WILSON:** Yes, in some offices: but others—small ones, I agree—show little improvement.

**BURN:** Quite true in a few cases—I hope they will profit by what you say, but I am afraid lest any legal restrictions proposed, instead of helping on this process, may make things worse rather than better.

**WILSON:** The Committee say that the custom of assuring parents encourages wastefulness on funeral expenses. They claim that it is not a real provision for the family of the breadwinner and that most of the policies would not be taken out except under pressure from canvassers, and very often the person whose life is assured has no knowledge of the policies taken out against his or her death. The suggestion has been made that he or she should be a consenting party—but this idea has been strongly opposed by your associates, Sir Joseph, on the ground, I presume, that in 90 per cent. of the cases they would not consent to be a party to what is often a gamble. Yet hundreds of thousands of these elderly persons are 'seen' by agents on pretexts remote from the real purpose for which they were visited. I hold strongly that no one's life should be assured without his consent. It is to be remembered that the parents are almost always assured for amounts sufficient to cover funeral expenses, and every penny spent on these policies is one penny less for assurance on the life of the breadwinner; and there are often, unknown to them, two or three policies on their life. There is an element of gambling in this branch of assurance which makes it popular. What is your view?

**BURN:** I agree, breadwinners are much under-insured, and I hope this talk may help to bring the point home. I agree also that too much may be and often is spent on funerals. But I do not agree that the custom is encouraged by life assurance. It is old, old as the hills, and it is deep-rooted and honourable. I ask you, do you seriously suggest that we should attempt to destroy, or even check, this universal desire to honour the dead? I believe that the attempt to limit the sums assured in certain Industrial Insurance policies involves an invidious distinction and indicates a complete failure to appreciate the sentiment of the people. I personally know of families where



every member feels bound to attend a funeral, everyone, including small children, wearing special mourning clothes. The best—in fact in so many cases, the only satisfactory way—of meeting this expenditure in connection with funerals is the industrial assurance policy. The expense will be incurred in any case, and if there is not a policy to meet it, the money will be found by borrowing.

You refer to the further recommendation made by the Committee that the person whose life is to be assured should be a consenting party to the assurance—but why? It is not his expense and the expense will be incurred whether he consents or not. The recommendation to me seems quite irrational. As regards the suggestion that these policies for funeral expenses give rise to gambling; I have no doubt that individual cases may have occurred, but there are many much easier ways of gambling which give quicker results. Feeling as I do the solemnity of death and knowing that this feeling is almost universal, I certainly cannot agree with the Committee that there is an element of gambling in this branch of Insurance which makes it popular.

WILSON: Another point strongly stressed by the Committee is the great number of policies which lapse every year. In 1929 of 10 million policies issued over 6 million were discontinued, and of these 4½ million lapsed, mostly within a few months, at a cost to owners of such policies in the aggregate of not less than £1 million—this being the sum paid in premiums in excess of the cost of the assurance 'cover' which they receive. 'What is certain', say the Committee, 'is that those who have taken policies which have lapsed within a short time, and the vast majority of whom have entered into the contract under the pressure of the agent or other canvasser, have had in assurance cover the value of not more than one-fifth of the premiums they have paid'.

Something is clearly wrong with conditions which lead to the lapse of nearly one-half of all the policies issued. 'It is our considered opinion', say the Committee, 'that the fault is chiefly with the offices, the business methods of which are devised to secure the maximum amount of "increase"'. Now most of the Companies employ agents whose remuneration depends upon, and whose merit is mainly tested by, the increase of premiums they secure. The general question of pressure for increase by the offices has been the subject of bitter complaint and is frankly admitted. It is unfair to the agents; it is even more unfair to the public.

BURN: As regards the question of lapsing, Sir Arnold, I want you to understand that no one regrets lapsing more than I do. It is the great difficulty in all kinds of assurance. It occurs under the National Health and the Unemployment Insurance Schemes, where it is described not as a lapse but as 'falling out of benefit', and all kinds of complicated rules and provisions have been introduced to try and get over the difficulty. The problem of lapses, in fact, is not peculiar to industrial assurance.

Now what are the principal causes of lapsing as far as industrial assurance is concerned? It is alleged that one of the main causes is over-insurance, and is due to pressure by the agents in their anxiety to obtain business. I cannot accept this. Since the amount paid in premiums is a mere 9d. in the pound of wages it is ridiculous to suggest that there is over-insurance. The reason that there are many lapses soon after entry into insurance is due to causes other than pressure. Apart from unemployment it is due to the fact that uninsured persons do not regard insurance as a necessity, and that under-insured persons do not regard any further insurance as a necessity. As a consequence, whilst it is difficult to sell them insurance, it is even more difficult to get them to continue to pay premiums, there are so many more attractive things to buy. As a result, there is a false start or even several false starts before they become sufficiently insurance minded to settle down to pay premiums. That is the reason why, apart from unemployment, many people lapse soon after entry into insurance. At the same time unemployment is one of the main reasons for lapses.

WILSON: Unemployment is not in itself a sufficient explanation. Many unemployed policy-holders do, to their credit, manage to keep their policies going for long periods. Over ten million persons were in insured employment last month, and rather over 1,750,000 men were registered as unemployed, but of these less than 750,000 had been out of work continuously for over three months, and this is roughly true on any given day. Moreover, the volume of lapses bears no relation to the increase or decrease of employment generally.

BURN: I agree that we have no time to discuss unemployment,

but we cannot leave it out of account when considering the question of lapses. Take the case of a man out of work; he finds difficulty in keeping his family in food and fuel and clothes on his unemployment pay, and he lets his insurance drop. There may be four or five policies in the house on his life and the lives of his wife and children. That means not one lapse, but four or five. As soon as he gets back to work, he takes up his insurance again, which means four or five new policies. Hence we get those enormous figures of lapses and new policies, but in practice the position is not nearly as bad as it seems, for all that has happened is that the man and his family have been out of insurance benefit for some weeks, and may have a slight reduction in their sums assured when they resume. It is unfortunate, I agree, that such cases should arise, but they will only disappear when some method has been found for keeping people in regular employment.

This question of lapsing has, I feel, become the subject of serious misunderstanding, largely because we have unwisely used an evil-sounding word—lapses. I wish we had never adopted it. It sounds as if something terrible happened when a policy lapses.

Now what actually happens as a general rule? A policy-holder, through adverse circumstances, finds himself ten or twelve weeks in arrears with his premiums. He is able to start paying again from week to week, but he cannot make up the arrears. So he drops his old policy and starts again, and in the process he usually loses very little indeed. If the first policy has been in force only a short time and he has not passed a birthday, he will be able to re-insure for the same amount in return for the same premium. If, on the other hand, the old policy has been in force for some time, he will get a free policy in place of it.

WILSON: The Committee have a good deal to say about free policies. It is true that many offices give a free policy after two years and some after one year, but of what value is a policy promising 7s. on the death of the assured, after paying say, 2d. a week for two years? The policy may be lost or destroyed: it is of no practical value.

BURN: Often I agree, Sir Arnold, this free policy is of small value in itself, but—and this is the point—taken in conjunction with the new policy, which is usually kept in the same envelope with the free policy, the sum for which he is assured is little, if any, less than the original amount.

WILSON: Another aspect of Industrial Assurance which gives me concern is the number of complaints by assurers and the difficulty which they appear to have in satisfying themselves that they are being fairly treated.

Parliament decided in 1923 (in spite of the most strenuous opposition of the Companies which I for one have not forgotten) to set up an Industrial Assurance Commissioner, whose duty it is to investigate complaints laid before him. The present holder of this post is Sir George Stuart Robertson, who has an office at 17, North Audley Street, London, W. 1.

It is quite certain to my mind that there are in every great city and in every part of England thousands of cases where the assured person is too poor, or too ignorant, to appeal, though rightly or wrongly convinced that justice has not been done. The hundreds of letters of complaint that reached me from all over England when I first spoke on Industrial Assurance in Parliament was a revelation to me.

If Industrial Assurance, conducted for private profit on present lines, is to survive it must not only give the maximum possible benefits to assured persons, but it must enjoy the complete confidence of the public.

BURN: The Industrial Assurance Commissioner is an integral part of the machinery of Government in this Country, and I, for one, never opposed the appointment.

Of the disputes coming before him a proportion are between rival claimants for sums which the Companies are anxious to pay; in point of fact the Companies often invite his assistance to secure the speedy payment of the moneys due. The majority of the matters referred to the Commissioner are requests for explanations or advice. The number of actual disputes formally heard by him represents only 1 out of every 33,000 policies in force.

Every policy issued since 1923 has the name and address of the Commissioner—with an explanation of his functions printed on it, and I cannot believe that there are many people too poor or too ignorant to write to him if they feel aggrieved.

As regards the question of confidence in Industrial Assurance, I think the figures you quoted at the outset as to the large



number of policies, conclusively demonstrate that we have the confidence of our public.

I am certain that the agents engaged in the profession of Industrial Assurance are a conscientious and hard-working body of men. There is no profession or industry in which there is more goodwill to customers. I firmly believe that the true solution to the problems you have put to me lies in teaching these men how they can better serve their public. I am convinced that great advances have been and are being made in this direction, and I am most anxious that no discouragement should inadvertently be given to this improvement.

WILSON: The Committee illustrate the wastefulness of the system of weekly collections of premiums by comparing the benefit to be obtained under an Endowment Assurance policy with the benefit to be derived by putting the premiums on deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank or—better still—by using them for the purchasing of National Savings Certificates. In both cases, the comparison shows these endowment policies to disadvantage.

I know you will claim, Sir Joseph, and to some extent I agree, that much of the money paid under this type of policy would not have been saved at all. But I would sooner see the Post Office actively canvassing for business, and while I am a wholehearted believer in both saving and insurance, I should like the Post Office to advertise in every paper in the country the advantage the Post Office Savings Bank offers over other forms of thrift, as freely as it canvasses for telephone and telegraph services.

BURN: You have mentioned both National Savings Certificates and the Post Office Savings Bank, Sir Arnold. Perhaps it will be clearer if we keep the two things apart, and I deal first with your point about the Savings Bank and whether it provides a better return than an Industrial Endowment Assurance policy.

Let us take the case of a man of 30 who deposits 1s. every four weeks in the Savings Bank. The 1s. has to be taken to the Post Office, and incidentally the Postmaster-General tells us this deposit of 1s. costs the country (that is, you and me and those who are listening in) 7d. in expenses. At the end of 20 years his 1s. every four weeks will amount with interest to £16.

Now I have the prospectus of an Industrial Assurance Company in my hand, and from this I see that at the present rate of bonus he will get £16 at the end of 20 years under an Endowment Assurance policy for a premium of 1s. 1d. every four weeks. That is to say that for an additional 1d. every four weeks, or  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a week, he can command the services of an agent who will call at his house to collect his premium (he will call again if necessary) and (and this is a very big 'and'), from the time he takes up the policy and pays his first premium of 1s. 1d. he will have the very real benefit of an assurance against death, for an average amount of over £14. All this for  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a week. In addition he may get a rebate of income tax on account of his premiums.

WILSON: That is an interesting case from your point of view, Sir Joseph, but as I said, I want the Post Office to advertise the advantages of their own Savings Bank, and thus introduce an effective element of competition with Industrial Assurance. In fact, unless this is done, I fear that in the long run we shall get the nationalisation of Industrial Assurance, and though I sometimes feel that this form of assurance is not a proper subject for commercial money-making, I have no sort of belief in, but complete distrust of, nationalisation as a policy, though I believe in public utility companies under proper safeguards. But I want people to know that they can get a better return for their money, if only they will take it to the Post Office, or if—to go back to my other point—they will use it to buy National Savings Certificates, or better still take out an ordinary assurance policy and pay premiums yearly, or quarterly like rent or rates.

BURN: You may possibly know, Sir Arnold, that I have been associated with the work in connection with Savings Certificates ever since its initiation when the organisation was set up known as War Savings Associations. I have done everything in my power to encourage that movement. Its marvellous and continued success has, of course, been mainly due to the many thousands of unselfish voluntary workers who have tirelessly striven to encourage the general principles of thrift and self-reliance, but the method of saving by means of Endowment Assurance involves what to my mind is even a higher sentiment than self-reliance. It says in effect—we will take the will for the deed; if you want to save £20 and take out an endowment assur-

ance policy, then if you die you have in fact saved £20, even if you have paid only a few shillings in premiums.

If a father is anxious to provide a sum of money to start his son in his business or professional career, he may do so by means of Savings Certificates, in which case, if unfortunately he dies before the desired saving has been attained, his boy will be the loser, but if he has decided to save by means of an Endowment Assurance, no matter how soon he dies, his will to save is taken as the actual deed, and the money is immediately forthcoming. Of course Endowment Assurances by yearly or quarterly premiums give a better return, but these people do not pay rent quarterly as you suggest, neither could they pay premiums quarterly. Where, as is generally the case, they receive their wages weekly they also pay their rent and premiums weekly.

WILSON: Well, Sir Joseph, this is only the first round, a little preliminary sparring in the hope of arousing public interest in what will perhaps be a very long and certainly a very controversial discussion. No one who has read the Committee's Report can fail to be impressed by the urgency and the difficulty of the problem. No one who has read it can fail to realise that much is amiss. The Financial Secretary to the Treasury said in June last year that the Report of the Committee was engaging the most active consideration of the Government, who had no desire to delay progress. Meanwhile, he said, Members of Parliament could render a service to their constituents by calling public attention to the Commissioner who had been established by law in order to protect the weak. But his powers are limited. I hope to see them increased.

BURN: I hope, Sir Arnold, that this little talk we have had this evening will not only make the people realise more the necessity for assurance cover but again bring to their notice the fact that the Government have appointed an Insurance Commissioner. I am sure, Sir Arnold, Sir George Stuart Robertson is doing a great deal of most useful work. I hope the effect of what we have said tonight will not be to overburden him and his assistants. He himself would be the first to admit that a lot of his work could be avoided if only the policy-holders would write direct to the Companies or Associations concerned. I sincerely hope they will do so, but they certainly should write to the Commissioner in those cases where they feel that they have not been fairly dealt with.

WILSON: I like talking shop to an enthusiast, Sir Joseph, and you are one. I am glad you referred to Industrial Assurance as a profession—not an industry: that is a better word, and suggests, I don't quite know why—a better spirit. I would like to regard it as a vocation.

I do not dispute your claim that no profession shows more goodwill or less bad faith. But the professions—clergy, barristers, solicitors, doctors, dentists and stockbrokers, for example, all have legal powers to exercise discipline over any individual member guilty of unprofessional conduct. Do the good companies realise the harm that may be done by one or two weak companies, even though small and limited in scope?

BURN: You agree with me, Sir Arnold, that the men who are teaching and encouraging the principles of insurance should regard their vocation as a profession, but you seem to fear that those who do not live up to this high ideal will not be adequately dealt with. You are mistaken. There have been great alterations in this direction and, inasmuch as greater care is now taken in selecting suitable men, it follows that more and more care is being taken to exclude the undesirables. I want to encourage in every way an honourable *esprit de corps* which will make the right men ashamed to have wrong men associated with them.

WILSON: Yes—but I was talking of the Companies and Societies themselves and of the importance of excluding undesirables from their ranks. Those who read the Annual Reports of the Industrial Assurance Commissioner will understand what I mean.

The two additions for October to Messrs. Dent's New Temple Shakespeare (which is being issued at the rate of two volumes a month) are *Coriolanus* and the *Sonnets* (2s. each). At the same time, and the same price, come three more volumes in Dent's Temple Dramatists—Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, Dryden's *Marriage A La Mode* and Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy*. New Everyman volumes (Dent, 2s. each) include Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, *The Golovlyov Family* by N. E. Shchedrin, *Short Stories* by de Maupassant, a volume of Heine's *Prose and Poetry*, and *Table Talk* by various writers, from Ben Jonson to Leigh Hunt, edited by J. C. Thornton.



Art

# China with Consideration

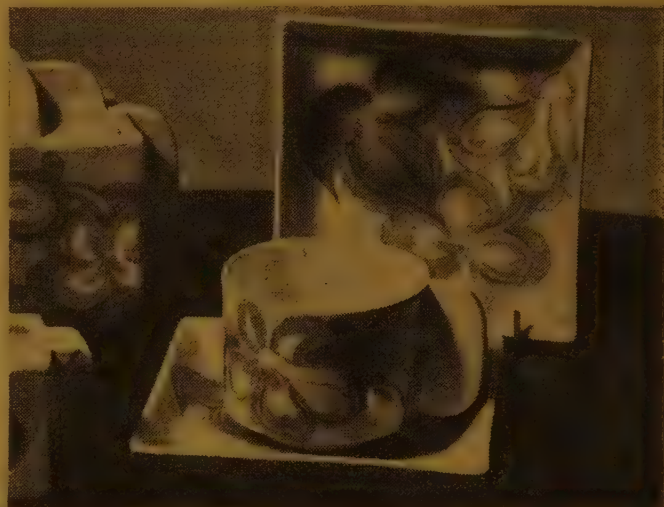
By W. W. WINKWORTH

*'China with Care' is an inscription often disregarded. This is an account of more thoughtful attitudes to it*

THE art of the theatre or the palace, of cathedrals, or the assembly-rooms of the great, is what most of us meet with when we travel, or read of the great artists of history. But that must not make us forget that art is not only the prerogative of those in high places. It is a living spirit common to all mankind. Artists are the professed guardians of this spirit. But they may serve it, and often must serve it under modern conditions, without the patronage of great men or great institutions.

Three Staffordshire firms—A. J. Wilkinson's of Burslem, E. Brain and Co. of Fenton, and S. Stuart and Sons of Stourbridge, glassmakers, have lately enlisted the services of artists for the designing of pottery and glass. It is an experiment in applied art. An exhibition of the work so done, at Harrods, which lasts till November 10, and will then travel the country, may encourage us to believe, however, that the phrase 'applied art' which we have rightly learned to suspect, need have in this case no sinister implications. Experiments in applied art have been tried before and sometimes disastrously; but the potters and the artists who have come together on this occasion are at least evidently aware that art cannot be applied, like a label, in order to give something useful a right to proclaim itself also beautiful, and the possessor therefore of added prestige. The co-operation with the potters of Mr.

the poet even, who has turned the stream of feeling back towards the old channels. It is Théophile Gautier, it is the living poet Paul Valéry, who have written of *les arts du feu*—the arts of smelted things. William Morris, too, was a poet and a thinker who out of his love for things



Tea-set designed by Frank Brangwyn



'Circus' dinner service designed by Dame Laura Knight. This and the other pieces illustrated are now on view at Harrods

Gordon Forsyth, director of the City of Stoke-on-Trent Schools of Art, would alone suffice to ensure the avoidance of such an elementary mistake.

The increase of historical research, the improvement and enrichment of public museums, the traveller, the critic, the art-school and the lecturer, and, last but not least, the photographer, have during recent years given us so many fresh facts about pottery and porcelain of all times and all countries, that we can now theorise about it far more effectively than was possible at the time of the 1851 Exhibition when the idea of applied art had its first horrible beginnings.

So common has porcelain become since in 1709 it was first made at Meissen, near Dresden, that many people today hardly know it from pottery. It must therefore seem strange that in former times it was so unfamiliar that magic properties were attributed to it. We have in fact largely lost nowadays that interest in substances like porcelain, metals and glass which their rarity formerly gave them. We have lost interest in the making of *things* be they jams or enamels; industrialism has even invaded the last stronghold, the sphere of the housewife.

It is only lately and among intelligent people that an interest in things has grown up again to supplement the interest in thoughts which was so largely the preoccupation of intelligent people in the last century. In fact it is the thinker himself,

became a craftsman. There is Eric Gill today.

There have of course been men of the opposite sort; craftsmen who started to think. But the shoemaker who decides not to stick to his last usually has to become a philosopher not of shoes first, but of less concrete things. He must grapple with ideas; he must pass through a long apprenticeship before he can come back to his last, and find himself fit to philosophise about shoes. It is the commonest things which call for a Socrates. The philosopher of pots, too, must often be a man who approaches the matter historically and theoretically; a man who begins on a high level from which the descent is often either abrupt and disastrous or long and painful. But in order



Cut-glass bowl designed by Eric Ravilious

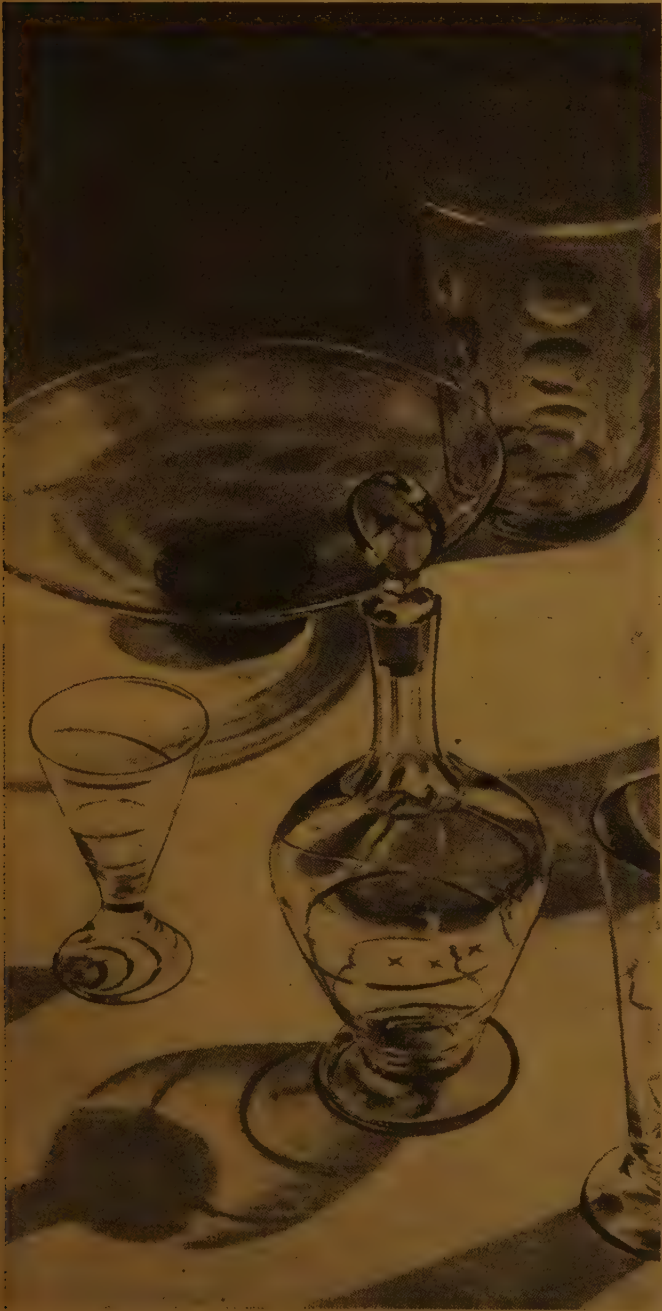
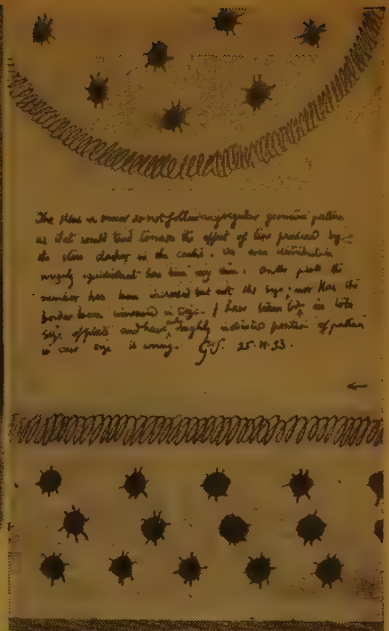
to reach the bottom, it is still necessary to begin from the top.

There is, however, a healthy fashion now for the practical, for beginning from the bottom. This has produced the arts and crafts movement; the studio potter. Mr. Leach, Mr. Stoute Murray (who teaches at the Royal College of Art,





White rose set designed by Graham Sutherland; and (right) the artist's working drawing and instructions to the potter.



Glassware by Vanessa Bell, Laura Knight and Gordon Forsyth



Tea-service designed by Vanessa Bell: old Staffordshire plum lustre forms the greater part of the wide border



Pieces from the 'Granton' dinner-service designed by Duncan Grant



South Kensington), and Mr. Charles Vyse are, however, something rather more than that. Mr. Vyse, for instance, might be called a ceramic research-worker. The kiln is the potter's chief tool, and Mr. Vyse has concentrated on kiln-design with the precision of an engineer. The glaze is the potter's chief problem, besides the clay itself, and Mr. Vyse has studied its composition with the curiosity of a chemist, and the assistance of his wife and of Sir Herbert Jackson, who are chemists.

But even such practical researches as these have left the main problems of ceramic design untouched. If we are to approach them, we must leave the kiln and the wheel, and again assume the chair of the historian and the philosopher. The state of our pottery industry is justly deplored. English wares are a byword for ugliness; foreigners think we have no claims as potters except as drainpipe manufacturers and makers of sinks. Historians of art like Mr. Herbert Read, and Mr. Bernard Rackham and Mr. W. B. Honey of the Victoria and Albert Museum, who respect as I do the artistic traditions of Staffordshire and other English centres, believe that these evils are not inevitable. But we know from experience that bad habits take a firm hold; and English ceramic vice is deep-rooted.

Ostentation and vulgarity have combined with ignorance to establish in Staffordshire and elsewhere a profound perversion of common human feeling. A false notion of finish, a finish as cruel and exacting to the workman as its meaningless efficiency is satisfying to coarse minds, had become till lately almost the sole standard of excellence.

The Philistines must be destroyed. We should prefer our teacups to be cracked or crooked rather than cruel. But what looks like coming to the rescue is nothing violent. It is something quite human; the love, not the intellectual appreciation only, but the love, of art, of beauty. There are still artists; and it is Staffordshire which has sought them out. For the new movement whose origins I am describing began there. It has come to Harrods to seek the favour of Londoners. The wares could have been better shown, but it is much to Harrods' credit that they were shown at all.

At the opening of this 'Modern Art for the Table' exhibition, Sir William Rothenstein made a short but very moving speech: 'A firm of publishers', he said, 'would soon lose their reputation if it was known that they got all their books written by a staff kept for the purpose on the premises'. Until very recently, that was more or less the system which prevailed in the pottery industry, as in so many others. It was in no sense more the fault of business men than of artists; for the conception of what constituted an artist was such, during most of the last century, that the notion of his descending to ally himself with trade must have seemed almost as much a *mésalliance* as the betrothal of an artist to a tradesman's daughter usually appears to have seemed to her father.

The artist of today is less of an oddity than his predecessor of those days. He has acquired that intelligent interest in things which the writer and the historian of art, the photographer and the art-gallery have made accessible to everyone. Everyone too, as well as the artist himself, is more familiar with his aims and nature than previously. He feels that he may apply himself to any task and not cease to be an artist; that anything may therefore be in the highest and only sense a work of art if it is thought out by one who cares enough and knows how to apply his care. Indeed, there is no difference in value between the tea-set designed by Mr. Brangwyn or Mrs. Bell and one of their paintings, except in price. Neither

is really higher or lower than the other, any more than the simple words of a fisherman are necessarily 'higher' or 'lower' than the eloquence of a prophet.

It would be unfortunate if the reader were to suppose that, in trying to explain this experiment in the application of professional artists' work to pottery, I neglect the merits of other work which usually passes as mere craftsmanship. I do not. At the exhibition at Harrods one of the best designs was by Miss Freda Beardmore, a student of Mr. Gordon Forsyth. It is reproduced here. Both are experts not in what were once invidiously distinguished as the fine arts, but in Industrial Design. It sounds dull; but it does not result in dull work, as it so often did in the old days. Staffordshire has not neglected its own talent in allying itself with the most active kind of modern art. Nor has it approached only the more experimental artists, still less the merely fashionable ones.

Of the artists whose alliance it has sought, those who in their usual practice adhere to the old alliance of literature and figurative design have shown in their designs for pottery and porcelain no less sense of what is appropriate to a tea-cup or a wine-glass than the others. There is no inherent reason why they should; but it is often supposed that painters to whose work the word 'decorative' is applied are more adapted to decorate china than others. This is not necessarily so. I will take two examples; the work of Dame Laura Knight and that

of Mr. Graham Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland has been trained partly as an etcher, in a medium the least of all suited to what is usually considered 'decoration'. His work in etching has the scrupulous neatness of an old print. Yet I found (and I was pleased to notice that my opinion was supported by authorities on the arts far more expert than myself) that his work for porcelain was far better suited to rest and please the eye than that of Dame Laura Knight or even Mr. Frank Brangwyn, both in different ways masters in the manipulation of decorative colour and striking effectiveness of composition. I do not



Design for tea-set by Freda Beardmore

say that as museum exhibits or in glass cases their work on pottery would not be far more telling and interesting than Mr. Sutherland's quiet patterns, or Mr. Duncan Grant's slight and graceful 'Granton' service, both here illustrated. These have the advantage of being easy to reproduce both cheaply and well. Now Dame Laura Knight's 'Circus' set, was comparatively much more costly than anything of Mr. Grant's or Mr. Sutherland's, largely because it was not easy to reproduce. Much fine craftsmanship has been spent in the past on reproducing pictures on porcelain, and on elaborate workmanship. It would be ungrateful to say that in all cases it was misspent. But this sort of achievement, splendid though it may be, does not help any more than the creation of independent masterpieces by specialists like Mr. Staite Murray, in solving commercial problems, or in making commercial ware something more than merely commercial.

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*Poverty in Plenty*

# *Under-Consumption and its Remedies*

By J. A. HOBSON

**U**NDER-CONSUMPTION is not a theory but a visible fact. All over the world and in nearly all industries the powers of production in the shape of land, labour, capital, have been exceeding the rate of purchase and consumption. This is not due to lack of money or purchasing power. For with every act of production is distributed in wages, rents, interest, profit, a sum of money sufficient to buy what is produced, if utilised without delay by those who receive it. There is no lack of income to buy all that is produced. It is true that miscalculation in the use of productive powers may cause much waste, the different sorts of production not corresponding to the wants or desires of consumers. This has been particularly true of the post-War period, in which producers have found it very difficult to anticipate the wants of consumers, and governments have gravely obstructed the freedom of economic intercourse.

But the notion that under-consumption is due to lack of purchasing power is wrong. It is sometimes argued that some early processes in making present goods which took place years ago, have been so greatly cheapened by improved technique that the money incomes recently paid out do not cover the full costs of production and so cannot buy all the goods. But the cheapening of the early processes will have been attended by an increase of output that will leave the money income of the labour and capital involved as large as before, and there is no reason why the income should not buy the increased output at a lower price level. In other words, the same total income can buy a larger volume of goods if the price of these goods is correspondingly reduced. There is, then, no reason why a cheapening of processes of production should cause under-consumption provided the money is spent as before, upon the various sorts of goods.

## **Spending and Saving**

This brings one to the crux of under-consumption. Suppose that the income as a whole is spent differently. It is admitted that changes in the nature of consumption may cause miscalculation, waste and unemployment. But if the proportion between spending on consumption goods and the spending on capital goods, which constitutes real saving, is shifted, great trouble may occur. In order to understand this it is necessary to examine more closely the processes called spending and saving. When a man spends money he buys from a shopkeeper some consumable goods which he consumes, thus reducing the shopkeeper's stock. The latter keeps part of the price for his own spending or saving but uses the greater part of it in paying producers in different stages to replace the goods he has sold, so as to maintain his stock.

Spending thus goes to maintain the existing industry, paying the costs at different stages. Saving operates differently. If a man saves he does not withdraw goods for his consumption, paying money to have them replaced. He pays persons otherwise unemployed to make some materials, machinery and other sorts of capital, thus increasing the total productive power of the community. This is usually done through the process called investment, in which the saver entrusts his savings to capitalists who are engaged in increasing their productive powers in the expectation that they will sell their increased output at a profit.

This works very well in a progressive community where more capital is continually required to satisfy the growing wants of an increasing community. Such is the position usually taken by economists brought up in the nineteenth-century tradition where there was plenty of scope for savings in supplying the needs of an increasing population and in the developing of large backward areas of the world.

Saving or thrift was regarded as an illimitable process. The more people saved, the greater the productivity of industry and commerce and the larger the satisfaction of human needs. But this saving, as we see, supposes investment, or paying people to produce more capital goods which can be utilised.

Now the strange situation has arisen in which income which is saved either does not pass into investment or, if it does, it goes to expand the productive process of capital and labour beyond the limit at which the increased capital can be utilised in producing consumption goods to be sold at a price covering costs of production and a minimum profit to the capitalists: the rate of saving seems somehow to outrun the rate of spending.

I have so far taken the word 'saving' to mean paying people to make more plant or other capital goods. But literally saving means 'not spending'. We now see that in most countries a great deal of saving lies unused or uninvested. Why? Because it becomes evident to business men and financiers that no more savings can be invested without increasing the output of goods beyond the current demand and so reducing the price level as to make the trade unprofitable. Trade must be kept profitable and excessive savings and investments make it unprofitable. Thus excessive savings are seen to be the cause of unemployment and depression. It is only another way of saying there is under-consumption.

## **Why Should Saving Be Limited?**

But this account does not explain why over-saving should take place. People do not save for saving's sake, but in order to get the interest from investing their savings. Why should there be any limit to such saving? So far as an individual is concerned there is no necessary limit. He can lend his savings to others who will either spend them or make a profitable business use of them. This applies not only to an individual but to a nation. During the greater part of last century the British nation could save as much of their income as they chose, lending it usefully and profitably to backward nations. Some of the interest of such foreign investments we took in the shape of foods, raw materials and luxuries, but a great deal of it we left to be re-invested in the country that had borrowed our savings.

As long as this went on, things ran fairly smoothly. But when the United States, Germany and other industrial countries began to invest abroad a large part of their savings, trouble arose. There appeared to be too much capital seeking foreign markets, and governments with their imperialist policies were unable to secure large enough markets for their investors. I need not dwell upon the political and military dangers of the new situation. But the root problem of over-saving emerges in its naked shape, and economists accustomed to approve all saving as conducive to economic progress have been slow to recognise it. They have been disposed to explain it as due entirely to those industrial and financial dislocations of the War which are really its attendant consequences.

According to the accepted economic theory over-saving should be impossible. The falling rate of interest at its beginning should stop it. For according to this theory the ordinary law of 'supply and demand' applies to saving as to all other economic processes. Now this is just where many economists go wrong. It is quite true that when savings are wanted in the ordinary course of investment these savings will tend to flow into different industries according as the rate of interest attests their need. But the volume of saving as a whole does not closely obey this law of supply and demand. The amount of saving and the proportion of saving to spending are not governed closely by any reasonable rule. When trade is prosperous savings grow out of all proportion to the needs of industry. For large savings consist of undistributed capital reserves and the excessive incomes of the well-to-do, and neither of these sources of saving follows the ordinary law of price, increasing when interest rises and decreasing when it falls. Moreover, banks, by supplying increased short or long loans to business in good times, help to stimulate the application of too much capital and labour to the production of new plant and other capital goods in the false expectation that they can be used profitably for the increased supply of consumers' goods. This error is constantly repeated in boom periods and leads to a sudden withdrawal of bank loans when it is dis-



covered that businesses are excessively equipped for producing goods that cannot find a profitable market. Thus it is discovered that a larger quantity of plant and materials has been made by industry as a whole than is wanted. The same is true of the other large source of savings, the surplus income of the well-to-do put into bank deposits after the ordinary standard of living has been paid for. For though men as they grow richer raise their standard of living, they do not usually 'blow' the high profits of a prosperous year. As the standard of living rises new expenditure gives less satisfaction. It is generally admitted that the rich save a larger proportion of their income than the poor. So a profitable period of trade means both a larger amount and a larger proportion of saving. A great deal of saving is thus not guided by reasonable calculation of the growing needs of business. Again, the workers do not make their savings correspond closely with the higher wages of good times or the current rate of interest. The point of this argument is that in an economic system where there is wide disparity of incomes, or where profits fluctuate greatly, there is no right or reasonable balance kept between spending and saving. Good times tend to over-stimulate saving, while in bad times saving is let down lower than is needed for a progressive community. Another point arises here. I have spoken as if savings were all applied to making new capital, but bank accounts show that much saving during depressed trade is not invested in making new capital but lies idle on deposit waiting for a trade recovery.

I have described this condition of industry as unreasonable. Its unreason consists in a mal-distribution of income which, as we see, induces people who do not know what the larger results of their actions are to try to over-save. This mal-distribution of incomes consists of unearned or excessive incomes in the shape of inherited wealth, rents, interest and profits which are not needed to evoke any useful effort on the part of their recipients. These excessive incomes imply defective incomes of the poorer workers or insufficient public revenue to enable the community to perform properly its public services. In other words, the mal-distribution of income means a low standard of living and excessive labour for most workers, luxury and idleness for the favoured few and public penury. These economic diseases were not clearly discernible when the capitalist system had not developed its high productivity, or was confined to a few advanced nations. Poverty, excessive toil and periods of depression seemed to belong to the natural order of things: the recognition of the truth that mal-distribution of income habitually meant under-production, and under-consumption was prevented, partly by a narrow personal view of spending and saving, partly because the economic world had not yet grown into a single system capable of using world resources for world-consumption and increased leisure. The proposal in the United States to limit the working week to thirty hours seems sheer madness to those who do not realise the immense recent strides made in the modern technique of manufacture, transport and agriculture and the enormous waste in the selling processes. Whether one country can successfully carry out so great an economy may be doubted, but if the world were treated as a single economic system using the most advanced technique for the satisfaction of its wants, it would be evident that the low standards which prevail in large parts of Asia, Africa and Europe could be raised to a comfortable level without reducing the real incomes of the workers in this country, America, and other advanced nations.

#### Under-Consumption Means Under-Production

Under-consumption is the root cause of under-production and of the barriers everywhere set upon the full use of productive powers. Irish peasants are driven into hopeless poverty because England refuses to buy their cattle and grain at prices which would be advantageous to both parties. In America and other countries farmers are bribed with public money not to produce. 'Is the world mad?' it may be asked. The answer I think is 'No'. The resistance of the vested interests of capitalism explains why consumption and production are kept low. Capitalists never regard the interests of capitalism as a single system. A business man seldom looks further than the early profitable sales of the goods he produces. If he is invited to raise wages or shorten time for his workers, he only sees in such an invitation a rise in his costs of production. But if he saw that, not only among other members of his trade, but throughout the whole of industry, a similar rise of wages was taking place, he might then realise that a great increase in the sale of his goods would take place and his other costs in the shape of overheads

would be reduced, with the result that he would be a gainer instead of a loser. As an individual the employer is helpless; even though he were willing to raise wages, shorten hours and make personal sacrifice, he would be impotent. This is the real crisis of capitalism which for some time past has been driving business men, first into cartels for the limitation of output and the maintenance of profitable prices, and recently into the consideration of wider schemes of national or international planning. These later schemes may be termed capitalist-socialism because they are directed to keeping prices at a profitable level and keeping the control of industry in the hands of capitalists with some slight assistance from government nominees supposed to look after conditions of labour and curb monopoly prices.

Mussolini, Hitler, and, in a more liberal spirit, Roosevelt are busily playing with these planning processes, chiefly with the aim of reducing unemployment. But everywhere they find themselves up against the obstacle of profiteering, the central aim of capitalism. They fail to recognise that profiteering lies at the heart of that mal-distribution of incomes which is the chief present cause of over-production and under-consumption, furnishing more productive power than can be utilised in supplying consumable goods. Effective planning does not necessarily put out of action all profitable enterprise. It may pay society to offer prizes to persons of initiative and energy who undertake the risks of novel enterprises. But the history of modern business makes it evident that the big profits which make the difference between riches and poverty are usually not rewards for personal skill and enterprise but mostly come from luck or plunder—both irrational and anti-social processes.

#### Three Policies which Mitigate Mal-distribution

It is not possible here to discuss the question of general planning by Socialist states, national or international. It is better for me to assume that considerable areas of capitalism will remain, under some form of state control. Under such conditions how far is it feasible to get rid of, or reduce, under-consumption, utilising more regularly the instruments of production and reducing the waste of wealth and idleness? Outside the path of revolution, there are three policies mitigating mal-distribution and making for an equilibrium between production and consumption. Most countries are experimenting in these policies. The first is that of regulating wages, hours and other conditions of labour by public action. Since the War there has grown up a definite sentiment favourable to higher wages in agriculture and other low-paid industries, and a disposition to guarantee minimum wages in such industries. But still more important has been the new attitude towards unemployment, and the assumption of the state that when the capital and labour of a temporarily depressed trade cannot meet the requirements of a minimum standard for the unemployed, it is the duty of the state to make up the deficit. The third policy making for equalisation of income and increased spending power is the new taxing system to which most nations are committing themselves. I mean the increased taxation of higher incomes and of inheritances by which the increased public services are maintained. This policy is actually the most revolutionary movement of our time, for it is a confiscation of the income and property of the rich for the direct benefit of the poor, who are the chief beneficiaries of nearly all the expenditure on public services. The distinctive nature of this 'socialism' is concealed by two considerations. The first is that a large part of the increased taxation is devoted to the cost of national defence, and the second is the direct taxation of tariffs, bounties and other costs which seem to fall upon the working-class consumers in the higher prices for their foods and other necessities. But taken as a whole the modern policy of public assistance and high taxation goes a considerable way to lessen the inequality of incomes and spending power, and reduces the excess of producing power over consumption.

The most serious obstacle in this path of reform is the growth of economic nationalism. If every country committed itself to the policy above described to something like the same extent, the expanding consumption of the world would afford employment to most of the waste productive power in every country, and a general recovery would take place. But a selfish, shortsighted nationalism by which each country strives to keep its own market to itself and to reduce its foreign purchases to the lowest possible limits goes far to counteract the policy of more equal distribution which I have described.



*A Tour Through Time and Space*

# The Other Planets

By SIR JAMES JEANS

**O**UR first flight into space took us only as far as the moon—a matter of about 240,000 miles, or about a second and a quarter of travel at the speed of light. Now we shall tour round the various planets, visiting them in the order of their distance from the sun. This will involve us in much longer flights, for even the nearest of the planets is more than a hundred times as distant as the moon.

The planet nearest the sun is Mercury. It is quite small, with only about a third of the diameter of the earth—more like the moon than the earth in size. And it is like the moon in many other respects as well. When it passes across the bright face of the sun, we see—just as with the moon—that it emits no light of its own. This, indeed, is true of all the planets: they only shine as and where they are lighted up by the sun. Each has a bright face turned towards the sun, and a dark face turned away from the sun. From on earth we usually see part of both faces, the light and the dark, and as the planet moves round the sun, the proportion of light and dark that we see continually varies, just as it does with the moon.

For this reason, Mercury appears to pass through phases like those of the moon, the part of its bright face that we see gradually changing from a thin crescent, shaped like a new moon, to a complete circle, shaped like the full moon, after which of course it goes back again to the crescent-shape. It is not an easy matter to study these phases, nor indeed to see the planet at all. Mercury is so near to the sun that its bright face is very brilliantly illuminated; so much so that it often sends us more light than any star in the whole sky except Sirius, the brightest of all the stars. But a second consequence of Mercury being so near to the sun is that it rises and sets almost at the same time as the sun, so that we can never see it by night.

## Mercury is Like the Moon—

Now even Sirius is not bright enough to be seen by day, so that we can still less expect to see Mercury in the light of day. Yet by the time daylight has left the sky, Mercury has either followed the sun below the horizon, or, if it has not yet quite set, is likely to be lost from sight in the clouds and mists which cluster round the horizon, especially in the misty and murky climate of England. Sometimes, however, we can see Mercury crossing the face of the sun. We then see it as a perfectly black disc, with no atmosphere surrounding it. In this again it is like the moon, and the reason is the same in the two cases—neither the moon nor Mercury have sufficient gravitational pull to keep an atmosphere from flying off into space.

There is still another respect in which Mercury is like the moon; it always turns the same face to the sun, just as the moon always turns the same face to the earth. The moon is held so powerfully in the gravitational grip of the earth—almost like a big boy holding a small boy pinioned by the arms—that it is not able to turn completely round; it only has energy enough to wriggle feebly. We call these slight wriggings 'liberations', and except for them, the moon always presents the same face to the earth, the face we always see, with the old man in it; at the back of the moon is another face we can never see. In the same way, the sun holds Mercury so powerfully in its gravitational grip, that Mercury always presents the same face to the sun. Now this face must be pretty hot—for two reasons. In the first place, Mercury is so much nearer to the sun than we are, that the sun's radiation there is about six times as intense as it is with us. And, in the second place, the face which is forever turned towards the sun never gets any relief from this scorching heat. Actual measurement shows that its temperature is about 650 degrees Fahrenheit, which is hot enough to boil most liquids and to melt lead. Thus it is not surprising that no glitter of liquids has ever been observed on the surface of Mercury. In this again, Mercury is like the moon. So far as we know, it is a dead world of mountains and deserts, probably volcanic ash, again like the moon.

It is time to leave Mercury, and pass to Venus, which comes next in order of distance from the sun. We saw how Mercury stays so near to the sun that it almost rises and sets with the sun, and can only be seen with difficulty through the sun's glare. But, as Venus is nearly twice as far from the sun as Mercury, it can often be seen for some time after the sun has set, or for some time before it rises. This is why Venus has been known in many ages and in many languages as the morning and evening star. In appearance it goes through the same complete cycle of phases as Mercury and the moon, ranging from crescent to full circle and back again. As it does so, its apparent brightness continually changes. When this is at its best, Venus sends us about twelve times as much light as Sirius, and would look terrifically dazzling except that the nearness of the sun prevents its being seen to full advantage. Even so, it often looks a splendid and beautiful jewel in the dawn or twilight sky. And we must remember that when the sun's light dims the brightness of Venus, it dims that of lesser and fainter stars in the same degree, so that Venus is often the first star to appear in the deepening twilight of the western sky, and the last to disappear before the advance of the rising sun in the east.

## —and Venus Like the Earth

We have seen that Mercury is like the moon in many respects; Venus is far more like the earth. It has about the same size and the same weight, and so has about the same gravitational pull as the earth. Because of this, it has retained an atmosphere, just as the earth has done. Yet this atmosphere is very different in quality from the earth's. Perhaps this is not surprising, for Venus is near enough to the sun to receive almost double the amount of radiation we receive on earth, with the consequence that its average temperature is about 90 degrees Fahrenheit higher than the earth's, somewhere about 140 degrees. This is below the ordinary temperature of boiling water, but is not enormously far below; it is what we may describe as a rather steamy temperature. Either for this or for other reasons, Venus is found to be completely enveloped in thick clouds—clouds which are so dense that we cannot see through them to any permanent surface beneath. We have seen how infra-red rays can pierce through most of the hazes and fogs that we encounter on the surface of our own planet, but they are completely powerless against the clouds of Venus.

Still, we can study those parts of the atmosphere which lie above the clouds. We saw how the layer of ozone in the earth's atmosphere had the effect of robbing the sun's radiation of a whole series of colours. Other substances in the earth's atmosphere abstract other colours from sunlight, although to a lesser degree. By noticing which particular colours are abstracted by the atmosphere of any planet, we can discover a good deal about the composition of the atmosphere of that planet. We discover, for instance, that the upper strata of the atmosphere of Venus contain very little oxygen—quite possibly none at all. Now, oxygen has certain very distinctive properties—most substances are eager to combine with it, as we see in such processes as combustion, rust and corrosion. In these or other ways, a great part of the earth's oxygen has been swallowed up by the rocks of its crust, and the whole of it might well have been, were it not that every blade of grass and every shrub and tree acts as an oxygen factory—continually pouring out the oxygen which is essential to all the higher forms of life. As no oxygen can be detected on Venus, it seems likely that there is no vegetation on Venus; and so possibly no life at all like the higher kinds that exist on earth.

If we go far enough back in time, we come to an epoch when the earth was substantially hotter than now, but with no vegetation on its surface, and quite possibly no oxygen in its atmosphere. Perhaps Venus is rather like what the earth was then. And if the Venus of today is like the earth was in those far-past days, perhaps the Venus of the future may be like the earth of today. In brief, Venus may repeat the history of the earth. First vegetation, and then higher forms of life, may appear in due course on Venus as they have already done on



earth. On the other hand, it may be that some strange and rare accident was responsible for the appearance of life on earth—an accident such as will not occur twice in the history of our solar system, and perhaps not even in the history of the whole universe. Possibly, then, life may never appear on Venus—possibly it may never appear again in the whole universe.

Let us now leave Venus and travel still further out into space. The planet we pass next is our own earth, after which we arrive in due course on Mars, the first planet beyond our earth. It is a good deal smaller than the earth, coming just about half-way between the earth and the moon, both in size



Mars photographed in ultra-violet light (left) and in infra-red light (right)

The two pictures look different because Mars has an atmosphere. Broadly speaking, the ultra-violet rays photograph the atmosphere, while the infra-red rays penetrate the atmosphere and photograph the markings on the true surface of the planet

and weight. Its gravitational hold is just sufficient to retain an atmosphere, but rather a tenuous one. Being considerably further from the sun than we are, Mars receives less than half as much light and heat as we receive on earth—of course, for the same area of surface. This makes its climate distinctly chilly. It is also very variable, since the thin and cloudless atmosphere does not retain the sun's warmth to any great extent. On a hot mid-summer day on the equator, the thermometer may rise as high as sixty degrees Fahrenheit at noon, but it will probably have fallen below freezing by sunset, and the night temperature may be as low as forty degrees below zero—this for a tropical summer night! The night temperature at the poles in winter must be more than one hundred degrees below zero.

### Speculations about Mars

Thus if we think of Venus as a warmer edition of the earth, we must think of Mars as a far colder edition. If Venus shows us what the earth may have been like in the remote past, Mars perhaps shows us what the earth may be like in the remote future. By the time the earth has become as cold as Mars is now, all life may possibly have vanished from its surface. It is interesting to wonder whether in the same way life has in some past age arisen on Mars and disappeared before the increasing cold—or is it perchance still there?

At one time a number of astronomers believed they could see straight markings on the surface of Mars, and were inclined to interpret these as canals—or, if not as canals, as belts of vegetation lining the sides of canals. But these markings cannot be seen in the large telescope of today and neither do they appear in photographs. On the other hand, it seems to be established that there is a definite physiological—or perhaps psychological—tendency for the human eye to see straight lines crossing any variegated and ill-lighted surface, so that an astronomer, struggling to see faint details on the surface of a planet, is only too likely to find straight lines of his own imagining. For this reason, few astronomers now believe in the reality of the supposed canals, and with their disappearance we are left without the slightest shred of evidence as to whether life exists, or ever has existed, on Mars. There is certainly no positive evidence of life—no one, for instance, has ever seen the glitter of water or the lights of a city; on the other hand, the planet is so distant, even when at its nearest, that they could in any case hardly hope to do so.

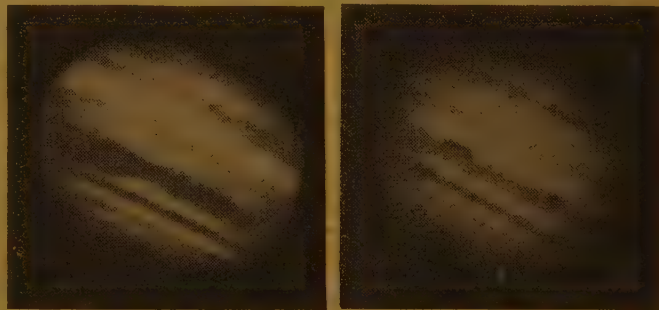
Leaving Mars, we set out for the next planet—Jupiter. It will be a long journey—seven times as long as the journey from the earth to Mars—but it may be an interesting one, since it will take us through whole shoals of the tiny planets which are known as asteroids. There are thousands of these, but they are all very small. None of them is as much as 500

miles in diameter, a quarter of the diameter of the moon. The gravitational pulls of these small bodies are far too feeble for them to retain atmospheres: indeed, they are too feeble even to mould the planets themselves into globular shapes, so that we must expect to see all kinds of odd shapes as we pass them by.

### Jupiter's Disagreeable Atmosphere

Jupiter, the goal of our journey, is quite different from either the earth or moon, or anything we have so far encountered. It is a giant, nearly 90,000 miles in diameter, which means that more than 1,000 earths could be packed inside it; and it contains more than 300 times as much substance as the earth. With such a weight of substance as this, it naturally retains an atmosphere—and a very substantial one. Like Venus, it is so completely enveloped in clouds that we can see nothing through them, even though we avail ourselves of all the resource of science. Thus we cannot study the surface of Jupiter—if it has one—but we can study the composition of its atmosphere in the same way as we study that of Venus. Jupiter is at more than five times the earth's distance from the sun, and so is at the unimaginably cold temperature of about 180 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and at such a temperature, it is a foregone conclusion that all water will be frozen solid. Thus it is not surprising that we find no trace of water-vapour in the atmosphere of Jupiter. Only two gases can be detected with certainty. The first of these is ammonia, with which we are all disagreeably familiar: I am sure it needs no further description. The second is methane or marsh-gas, which is the gas that forms the 'will-o'-the-wisp' over dank marshes, and is only too likely to make explosions in coal-mines. From the human point of view, the atmosphere of Jupiter leaves much to be desired, especially when we remember that its temperature is something like 180 degrees below zero.

Yet if we move on to Saturn, the next planet, we shall find that conditions there are even worse. I won't say we have gone out of the frying-pan into the fire, because the metaphor would be so singularly inept, but we have gone from an appallingly cold climate to one which is even more appallingly cold. There may be a little less ammonia in the atmosphere of Saturn—so



Jupiter photographed in ultra-violet light (left) and in infra-red light (right)

As with Mars, the ultra-violet rays photograph the atmosphere, and we see that the details seen on Jupiter are of atmospheric origin, as is also shown by the fact that they are continually changing. The infra-red picture is very similar, showing that even infra-red rays cannot penetrate the clouds of Jupiter to a solid surface beneath

Photographs: W. H. Wright, Lick Observatory

that we may not sneeze and weep quite as much as we did on Jupiter—but we shall find there is even more marsh-gas. And as we pass to the more remote planets in turn—Uranus, Neptune and Pluto—we shall find conditions getting steadily worse and worse. If we are out on a pleasure-trip, we had better turn homewards and make a fresh start—to quite different scenery—next week.

### Forthcoming Music

Among the outstanding musical items of last season's broadcast programmes was undoubtedly Petri's performance of Busoni's Pianoforte Concerto. The names of Busoni and of Petri are closely associated, and many listeners will look forward to hearing the Concerto played again by the same soloist in next Sunday's Orchestral Concert (November 4).

The inclusion of all four of Chopin's Ballades within the scope of a single recital is a sufficiently rare event to make 8.50 p.m. on Friday, November 2, a time worth noting. The pianist, Solomon, will give the four (No. 1 in G minor, Op. 23; No. 2 in F., Op. 38; No. 3 in A flat, Op. 47; and No. 4, in F minor, Op. 52) in a forty minutes' programme before the Second News.



*Freedom and Authority in the Modern World**State, Society and the Individual*

By C. R. M. F. CRUTTWELL

OF all the wonderful works of man the State is perhaps the most notable and also one of the most mysterious. No one has yet been able to tell us how it came into existence, though many writers have given us the most confident and contradictory assertions. We are all in fact guessing, when we try to account for the creation of the state as an event in history. We have not any exact idea of when the first state appeared, except that it was a very late stage of human evolution, whether all subsequent states imitated one original pattern, or whether it had several independent and perhaps contemporary starting points. Nor do we know whether some 'divinely gifted man', some legendary law-giver like Moses, created the state at a stroke out of a plastic society, or whether it was due to the organising genius of some great conqueror; or whether society itself contracted itself into a state, or after a long period of evolution woke up, so to speak, to find itself a state? Consequently a good deal of the enormous literature which exists on the origin of the state seems both misdirected and misleading in so far as it tries to teach us false history. On the other hand, much of it considered as allegory or parable is both interesting and instructive. It is really clear that the view which any political writer takes of the origin and purpose of the state is determined by his view of human nature. It is a very singular thing that we should differ so violently about those very elements which make each one of us a human being. Is 'the heart of man desperately wicked'; is 'man a wild beast delighting in blood'—the mournful conclusion of Taine, the great historian of the French Revolution? Or is man a being capable of perfection either from his natural love of his brethren, or by pursuing the 'principle of utility' the greatest happiness of the greatest number in a spirit of rational 'cool self-love'? Does human nature change or does it remain constant throughout all changes of environment?

Until we can make up our minds on such fundamental points as these, we cannot possibly have any coherent opinions about the nature and functions of the state or of its relations to society.

*Three Views of the State*

One great seventeenth-century writer, Hobbes, took up his gloomy parable of the Leviathan to prove that the state owed its birth and continuance to fear. Man's natural impulse is to take what he can from his neighbour, either by force or fraud. Hence man's natural life is one of continual war. Hence the instinct of self-preservation guided by reason creates a state, whose ruler must possess absolute uncontrolled power to repress man's passions. Society to Hobbes scarcely exists; it is no more than a collection of wild animals cowering in fear both of their ruler and of one another. Locke, on the other hand, writing a generation later, depicts primitive society as a 'condition of good will and mutual assistance'. The state is formed to protect property. Property is necessary for human personality, but individuals, however full of good will, can never agree on what is 'mine' and what is 'yours' without fixed rules laid down by an impartial judge. Property must also be defended—hence an executive is also necessary. But society itself must retain the power of making general rules for their own benefit (legislation), and of deciding what part of their property they will give up to protect the remainder (taxation). Thus Locke made a general philosophic theory for the state out of the development of the English Constitution. The so-called Sovereign is the trustee of the executive and judicial power under control of society, permanently organised through its representatives. Rousseau, on the contrary, exalted the absolute and unitary power of the state not because he distrusted men but because he trusted them so completely. If man is naturally adapted to live with his fellows, if his uncorrupted will is good, if reason used without bias must lead to correct decisions, then it is absurd to restrict the power of the state. All men must will everything in common. 'The general will is always correct and always tends to the public advantage'. Thus Rousseau tends to merge an ideal society in an ideal state. It would be easy to multiply examples to prove that the character

of the state and the relation between it and society are entirely determined by the view which we take of human nature. In fact the same theory as, for example, of the social contract can be made to prove entirely different conclusions according to the view which we take of ourselves.

*Human Imperfection Makes the State Necessary*

After showing how profoundly all the great doctors differ, it would be very presumptuous to put forward any dogmatic assertions. But I should like to examine a text from Aristotle; who, as I daresay you are beginning to notice, is one of my great intellectual heroes. He wrote that 'the state is more natural than and logically prior to any individual'. By 'nature', he obviously did not mean the primitive. On the contrary, the nature of anything is its fullest development. Nature is the end, the realisation of all capacities. Human nature, therefore, means the fullest development of human capacities. What these capacities are we can see only through history, which is the record of what man has actually done, and through our own achievements. As man has done nothing as an isolated individual, it is no paradox to say that the family is more natural than the individual, the tribe than the family, the state than the tribe. It would not in my opinion be true to say that the state is more natural than society. Society, no doubt regarded as a voluntary bond, is imperfect. Society, however, is the fullest expression of man's nature, but only in so far as it is protected and directed by the state. The existence of the state is necessary because of human imperfection. Consequently we can talk without impropriety of 'the best possible state', but not, I think, of the 'perfect state'. A 'perfect state' would simply be a 'perfect society', because the element of coercion would be unnecessary. If mankind as a whole could realise its capacities it would surely live in a number of voluntary—perhaps interconnected—societies.

However, we must keep away from such Utopias, and analyse more closely the actual relationship between society and the state. Every individual in the modern world is born into both and cannot escape from either. Consequently unless he is a political philosopher he is far less interested in an enquiry into the origins than in an enquiry into the purpose of both.

*The Factor of Fear*

It is, I suppose, true that there is a much more definite will for the state than for society. We merely assume the existence of the latter. This is because while we live in society we are protected by the state. Therefore, fear does and must play a prominent part in the will for the state. We desire security both from enemies at home and from enemies abroad. At the present day we have most striking examples before our eyes to show that fear may produce just the kind of despotic state envisaged by Hobbes, which encroaches with the most ruthless hand on society and is welcomed in doing so. Moreover, when we will the state, many of us will its exercise of power to promote our own opinions, that is to make them effective though not necessarily to suppress those of others. So the will of the state undoubtedly includes motives of fear and motives of selfishness, and these may be very powerful. However, in normal times these motives are not paramount. The average man probably thinks the main duty of the state is to give every citizen 'a fair chance', or, as the French Revolutionaries put it, to ensure *la carrière ouverte aux talents*. In other words, the state's duty is to develop the freedom of the individual by providing him with the conditions requisite for leading the 'good life' or developing his capacities. Clearly we can think of these conditions primarily from the cultural and educational or from the economic point of view. But both aspects are inseparable: without education man cannot attain to his economic level: without a stable economic status he cannot develop his cultural and intellectual capacities. In fact the main duty of the state is to render society more harmonious and more stable, and thereby, as I have already said, gradually to diminish its own importance (except of course in so far as its existence or stability is threatened by hostile neighbours).



In saying that the state should provide the conditions necessary for the good life I do not mean that it should try to enforce a particular morality. Some writers, indeed, have entirely denied that the state can promote morality at all. I very much doubt whether this is true, but am not concerned to argue it at present. But if it aims at giving every citizen a 'fair chance', it is bound to use its best endeavours to remove all that obstructs and to create everything that promotes the good life.

### Room for Choice in One's Society

The character of the state depends upon the citizens who compose it, just as the actual government depends upon those who control it. Consequently, the capacity of the state to promote the good life of the citizens depends upon its devotion to the interests of the whole community. Otherwise, if the state is organised on a class basis, 'liberty', in Burke's words, 'is separated from justice in which case neither of them is safe'. 'Democracy', Lord Acton said, 'has generally meant in practice government by the poor and payment by the rich'. So we come back again to the idea that our conception of the state must depend upon our conception of society, and our conception of society on the view which we take of human nature.

Now the bond which unites the individual with society is both looser and closer than that which unites him with the state. The state is indeed to every individual far more of an abstraction. Yet this abstraction holds him in a very close grip. He cannot as a rule change his state, he has practically no power by himself to modify its character; if he disobeys its rules, he will be fined, imprisoned or killed. On the other hand, the individual always has some choice, often a wide choice in the little fraction of society which he directly identifies with his own personality. He has a good hope of being able to change his cultural and economic relation towards others, he has the liberty of changing his residence, and thus to a certain degree of experimenting afresh. Within the limits of possible intercourse he can find certain variations in conventions and

standards of behaviour, between which he can choose. For breaking any such conventions or standards he is liable to no legal punishment.

Yet, as we all know, it is in society alone that the individual can make or mar his personality. It matters comparatively little to him in what kind of state he lives, if he can find within a given society an appropriate economic niche, a nest of friendship, a circle of culture. No doubt it is true that through the state alone are all these happy relationships possible, yet how much less intimate and essential is the protector than what he protects, even though the protector is simply the sovereign aspect of the protected. Conversely how chilly, how limited, how impersonal is the aid which the state can give to an individual who is shut out of the economic activities of society as unemployed, or who is ostracised from its general relationships as an eccentric or outcast.

Consequently, in order to avoid such waste and such frustration, it has often been urged that as long as the state remains necessary (which is as long a period as the boldest prophet can foresee) it should identify itself in every possible way with society, in order to mould and employ all its members according to its sovereign will. On this theory the state becomes not merely the supreme protector of human personality, but the grand architect of all human lives. Such a theory found its most famous translation into practice in the ancient world; the State of Sparta exercised an imperial sway over every side of the character of every citizen from his youth up to a degree perhaps without parallel in history. Such a theory is being applied today by state architects of very different schools, but of tremendous power in Russia, in Italy and in Germany. Later on in this series of talks you will have opportunities of listening to critical appreciations of these momentous experiments.

Meanwhile, it is of the highest importance to our enquiry to try to determine whether a study of modern history leads towards the conclusion that the power of the state over the individual has increased and is still increasing; and whether or not it can or should be diminished.

### The Cinema

## How To Spend Your Shilling

By ALISTAIR COOKE

Broadcast on October 22

WITH a whole batch of films just released for the country you want to know how you can most satisfyingly spend your shilling, or, if you live in London, how you can with least regret spend your three-shillings-and-sixpence. Well, here are two films: 'The Scarlet Empress' and 'Crime Without Passion'. Both of them are sometimes clumsy, sometimes pretentious, but both of them are interesting, both of them try to do something new with a story, with an actor, with a camera. And because the Hollywood-Elstree tailor-made film is usually quietly competent, merely dull, and because we get it every day, almost anything else is worth discussing.

First, 'The Scarlet Empress', Mr. von Sternberg's version of 'Catherine the Great', a sadly over-abused film. Mr. von Sternberg approaches all his films with an awful reverence, with enormous solemnity. You feel that whether you like it or not—what's worse, whether it's appropriate or not—Mr. Sternberg is going to make an epic of it. If somebody asked him to make a picture about Little Miss Muffet (with, of course, Miss Dietrich swimming around gorgeously in luscious bowls of curds and whey) I have the uncomfortable feeling that every time Miss Muffet winked you'd be likely as not to hear the Brandenburg Concerto. This, you can imagine, gets very irritating. Because Mr. Sternberg always announces the mood he has chosen for any given scene and bullies you into taking it. Now, as making drama is very much a business of making you anticipate one mood and then giving you another, of continually defeating the way you would sentimentally like to write the story yourself, it follows that Mr. Sternberg has, so far as I can discover, no sense of the dramatic at all. He will spend ten minutes trying to impress you with the grotesqueness of his heroine's surroundings. He will make his camera float up tables of exotic fruit until a grape is more fascinating to look at than the emperor himself.

He will make people sit, not in chairs, but in gargoyles straining themselves to look like chairs. For clocks he wouldn't dream of having a clock: he has a dozen mechanical gnomes beating gongs with little hammers. The effect of this is rather that of a nightmare you are glad you will never realise. But then, a few minutes later somebody performs a perfectly ordinary gesture, dusts a chair, takes out a handkerchief, and *this becomes grotesque*. Once I remember stopping somewhere in Victoria at a coffee stall on the evening after a day I had spent at the funeral of a friend. The man behind the counter sliced my sausage rather badly and as he handed me my hot dog said quite casually, 'He's been fairly squashed, hasn't he?' That's not a grim or a terrifying remark. But because I had been to a funeral it became so and the little man behind the counter was a frightening figure. Mr. Sternberg tries to be powerful and strange and ghoulish, and is none of them. And then somebody lights a cigarette and because they are doing it in a *morgue* it becomes a grotesque gesture. What makes effective Miss Dietrich's decorating the officer who has given her her child is the fact that she is doing it there, that a human being is doing something normal in the middle of a nightmare. I felt that it only needed someone to start playing cricket in the castle to make me instantly insane. Another time Miss Dietrich swings a handkerchief, taps a musical box with her finger, and though Mr. Sternberg has meant these details to be dramatic they are intensely, oddly charming. And it is such moments in a Sternberg film that are worth the usual ninety minutes of people doing ordinary things in ordinary places.

The second film does something more extraordinary with very familiar backgrounds. There has not been in my recollection any film quite like it. It is called 'Crime Without Passion'. And even the way it came to be made is unique. Two very accomplished Broadway playwrights, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, said they were tired of Hollywood's



supervision, of having their scripts cut and altered by outside people. They said 'We object to the enormous cost of pictures. We object to the waste of time. We object to the innumerable people who have to be consulted for approval'. So they packed their bags, asked Paramount for a few—ridiculously few—dollars, for their best camera-man, and taking Lee Garmes with them (you will remember his fine work in 'Zoo in Budapest' and 'Shanghai Express') went across the continent and in a small studio on Long Island wrote and made 'Crime Without Passion', the first of five films they have threatened to make in this alarmingly healthy way. Claude Rains is the only name in the piece. They saw a dancer at the Waldorf-Astoria called Margot. They remembered a very pretty society girl named Whitney Bourne. You will hear much more of both these names. They called in a few friends, Charles MacArthur asked his wife to walk on—if you're very alert you'll see her sneak in and out of the picture. Her name is Helen Hayes. And then they wrote this story of a self-assured, elegant criminal lawyer whom the hardest cases cannot ruffle. He accidentally shoots Margot, the dancer, and then his nerves go to pieces. The rest of the film shows you his terrified attempts to cover up his crime. And, at the same time, you hear and see the shadow of his former professional self advising him, sneering at him, laughing at him. This film has been, along with 'The Thin Man', a minor sensation in America, and if it is a success in Europe there is a chance that more writers will rebel against studio supervisors. And the time may be near when Hollywood films will no longer be made by a vague committee of a dozen men, but by a forceful single writer and director. I don't, however, recommend it because of its very worthy ambitions. I recommend it because it is a new and astonishing sort of film written keenly and swiftly by two gifted men.

### History in the Film Studio

The third film is one you are going to see whether I recommend it or not. I mean 'The House of Rothschild'. There are those who think that Mr. Arliss has a small collection of creaking tricks and that his acting belongs, if anywhere, to the stage; not to our stage either, but to the stage of gasflares and entrances down the middle and croaking asides to the boxes. There are those again who think that Mr. Arliss is a great actor, that in him you can watch the small endearing habits of any character he cares to represent. I can only say that if you dislike Mr. Arliss, here he is at his worst. And that if you like him, here he is at his best. In other words, in this picture he is certainly himself. And if you are in two minds about him, now is the time to lose one of them. Apart from George Arliss himself . . . but then trying to discuss an Arliss film apart from Mr. Arliss is rather like trying to talk about Christmas and leaving Santa Claus out of it. Mr. Arliss is like Father Christmas in other ways than that. You know how one year you resolve not to be sentimental and to give really sensible presents. And you go into a large departmental store, look round for advice and there he is, the same old man, in a different beard this year, holding out little bags of tinsel and candy and offering to solve disarmament or free trade or anything you care to bring up, with a smile and a shrug of the shoulders. Well, seeing Mr. Arliss in 'The House of Rothschild' is like that. I had heard it was about wars and the relations of bankers and armament makers, which I happen to know are complex and difficult. But when it was over I felt that a few fine orders to some lackey on the exchange to *Buy* when everybody else is selling will go a long way towards international friendliness, especially if you wear a flower in your buttonhole. And when I wasn't mixing up Mr. Arliss with Father Christmas it looked like Disraeli dressed up as the Baron Rothschild trying to look like Mr. Arliss.

About the only premières I have seen in the past fortnight I can find nothing very cheering to say.

'Nell Gwyn' I could talk about with some heat. It cannot be dismissed, because all the critics have been busy in the last week or two climbing on the tops of the advertisements, and because it's a kind of film we are going to go on making. Not so long ago English films looked as if they had been run over by a musical comedy. This one has scrambled to its feet and joined a fifth-rate vaudeville act. The photography, even the once quite excellent cutting of a dance, should not blind anyone. Vulgarly remains vulgarly even when it is photo-

graphed in soft lights against oak panelling. And I am at a loss to account for the quite pathetic vulgarity of much of the dialogue.

I am told that a great deal of research was done before the film was made. It is odd that nobody stumbled on a well-credited historical fact—Charles may have been a weakling, a rake, a trivial person if there is such a thing, an ineffective politician, but there is a well-founded rumour that he was also a gentleman. This is the second effort to prove on the contrary that the Kings of England have been graceless louts.

After this, the pleasant, harmless bawdiness of 'The Scarlet Empress', the honest, magnificent salaciousness of 'Roman Scandals', with Eddie Cantor funnier than he has ever been, are qualities to recommend with passion.

### The Bewildered Curiosity of the Camera

There remains an important film that many people will see and almost as many will copy. I mean 'Man of Aran'. I had the good luck, or misfortune, to see this with two men straight from Aran. Although they had never before seen a moving picture they still behaved in a remarkable way. When they weren't howling with laughter, they mumbled with protest. Afterwards they swore that this was not Aran, that no boat could come through that storm, that Aran is not nearly so bare as you gather, that the natives haven't worn caps like that for seventy years. The director, Mr. Robert Flaherty, might justifiably say that here, then, is a film about an Atlantic island, with the same name as Aran, where fishermen make their own boats and fight sharks. Granting that it is a film for boys and that the ruggedness and storms are exaggerated for the sake of showing you what tough heroes they have in Aran, what appears to me to be fussy and important when there is nothing to be fussy and important about, is what I must call the bewildered curiosity of the camera. Mr. Flaherty will move his camera slowly from left to right—pan, as they call it—and come to rest on an object you ought to see more of than a passing glimpse will allow. As long as he was doing this he seemed to be wisely in control of the story. It was essential, for instance, to see how King mended his boat, and every time he moved, or stretched down to pick up a tool, the camera rectangle followed him. And again when the boy is fishing, the whole movement is lovely to watch. But this can be very unnecessary, and at its worst can make you feel that the film is being made by a private detective. Mr. Flaherty is at his worst in the shark capture. The camera was literally let loose. Mr. Flaherty evidently felt that he had to take in all the fight all at once. You would just be about to follow the harpooning and the camera would fly to the stern of the boat, then give you a jagged, impossibly brief view of each member of the crew, then rush back to goggle at the shark, then swing round the ocean for any odd wave you might have happened to miss. This scene looked not only as if it had been made by a private detective but by one who had been made gradually drunk and who now desperately tried to do his duty and make notes and observations about everything on the same page. A good many of the intelligentsia will protest that some of the photography is beautiful, which indeed it is, that there have never been such rare compositions of landscape and cloud, of human beings and seaweed. But even beauty should be organised and I can imagine nothing harder on the eyes than a girl who should combine the eyes of Joan Crawford, the dimples of Janet Gaynor, the mouth of Katherine Hepburn, and the figure of Jean Harlow, especially if her eyes were somewhere between her shoulder blades.

But 'Man of Aran', however unfortunate in itself, has set an example. Photography in English motion pictures is walking out into the open air and I don't think anyone need worry, it is going to stay there. This week four short films are to be shown that take the hint from Mr. Flaherty and then make incomparable miniatures of what 'Man of Aran' should have been. They are a kind of news or interest film that is quite new, one of them brilliantly made, and all exciting to watch. And they are British. I mean the first batch of films made by the G.P.O. film unit under the direction of John Grierson. Their titles are 'Six-Thirty Collection', 'Spring on the Farm', 'Grantham Trawler' and 'Weather Forecast'. As most of you won't be seeing these films for another month, I would much rather talk about them then when we can bring up the grievous topic of that national pest, the punning commentator, which these films hope to abolish.



## Microphone Miscellany

*Some extracts from recent broadcasts*

### *The Evolution of the 'D.H.' Comet*

THE STORY OF THE EVOLUTION of the Comet aeroplane on which Charles Scott and Campbell Black won the MacRobertson Air Race is one of co-operation and good team work. My co-designer, Mr. Arthur E. Hagg, worked on the aeroplane; the Gipsy engines are the product of the brain of Major Frank Halford; stressing and technical calculation rests on Mr. C. C. Walker and his staff, while Mr. F. T. Hearle saw to the building of the machine.

These aeroplanes were specially designed and constructed for the race. A year is not a long time in which to design, construct and test out a specialised type of aeroplane. It is not even yet twelve months since we started the preliminary investigations which led up to the building of the Comet. The final design was started in March of this year, and since then, three machines and six engines, together with a number of spares, have been built, tested and delivered in time for the start at Mildenhall last Saturday.

During our early discussions we investigated alternative possible types. We could have built either a machine capable of short dashes at very high speed, or a machine not quite so fast but with sufficient fuel range to cover non-stop the longest leg between compulsory landing grounds—that between Mildenhall and Baghdad. Our choice finally fell on the latter type, and the Comet was built as a low-wing cantilever monoplane with retractable undercarriage. It has two special racing Gipsy-six engines giving 230 horse-power each, and controllable pitch propellers, the function of which is equivalent to the gear-box of a car. Our tests revealed—and were later confirmed in the Race—that the Comet has a range of

2,900 miles at a speed of 225 miles an hour, flying at an altitude of 10,000 ft.

We set ourselves a difficult task to get three machines ready for the Race. It has meant week-end work, day and night shifts, and, towards the end, almost continuous work for the men and women who were engaged in the various processes of manufacture. Everybody was enthusiastic and worked splendidly. There was only one thought through the whole of our works: 'We must get the Comets ready in time, and one must win the race'.

Captain Hubert Broad made the first flight just after dawn one morning about a month before the race was due to take place. The extensive series of trials which we had intended to carry out had to be curtailed, and the pilots who flew them in the race could only make one flight each before they took off for Mildenhall. They were only able to get a little further practice during the week prior to the race. They had no chance of flying at night or making night landings, but in spite of these difficulties they have shown that not only were the Comets capable of their calculated performance, but they could even be landed at night on small emergency aerodromes. The unfortunate troubles encountered during the race, and which were partially overcome by the pilots, can, without doubt, be attributed to the short period available for tests. This was, in turn, due to the comparatively little time available for the production of a special aeroplane since the regulations were published.

My colleagues and I have unbounded admiration for the high skill and endurance of all the pilots concerned. They, and Sir MacPherson Robertson, have done something which has advanced aviation ten years over a week-end.

CAPT. GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND



A 'D.H.' Comet ready to take off

*'The Aeroplane'*



## Ancestor-Hunting

Broadcast on October 23

TOMORROW MORNING four of us will be leaving England to continue the search for men's earliest ancestors in East Africa. My three colleagues will be Mr. P. Kent, geologist, Mr. S. White, surveyor, and Mr. G. T. Bell, zoologist. We shall be joined next month by Professor P. G. H. Boswell, who is coming out by air to work with us for about nine weeks.

It is just over eight years since I instituted the search for ancient man in Kenya Colony, and in that time we have been exceedingly fortunate, and have found not only thousands of stone tools made by Stone Age man, but also many bones and skulls of the actual men who made them at different periods.

Last season was very much our best, and we discovered the remains of the most ancient men of our own type, *Homo sapiens*, ever yet brought to light—our *earliest known true ancestors*. We found these at a spot on the shores of Lake Victoria called Kanjera, and we are going back there first to see if we can find some more remains of these men. Besides these ancient skulls from Kanjera, we found, at a place called Kanam, a small piece of a human jaw which represents what is probably the most ancient human remains that has ever been found anywhere at all. It is almost certainly older than the famous skull found at Piltdown, in Sussex in 1912, and is older, too, than the skulls found recently near Pekin, or the one many years ago in Java.

I expect some of you are wondering why I should ever have chosen East Africa as an area in which to search for man's earliest ancestors. The chief reason was that I believed East Africa to be one of the most likely places, theoretically speaking, on account of its geographical position, and already the discoveries we have made have shown that my beliefs were justified.

I would like you to remember, however, that here in England you have, if not as good, at least very nearly as good a chance as we have in Kenya of finding the remains of most ancient man. Over large areas of this country there are commercial undertakings—sand and gravel pits—where the stone tools of early man can be found in plenty, and where too, quite often, the bones and teeth of all kinds of extinct animals can be found. In almost any of these sand or gravel pits there is a very good chance of finding a piece of a fossil human skull or jaw or other bone. I have no doubt myself that fossil human bones are found and destroyed quite often in gravel pits, because the people who find them either don't know that any piece of fossil bone is worth showing to an expert, or because they don't care. And so, while I and my colleagues go off to Africa for a ten-months' search, I ask all of you who are in England, and who can do so, to help to find a really early fossil man in this country during 1935. The best way you can do this is by saving any fragment of fossil bone you find in a gravel or sand pit and showing it to an expert at the British Museum or a local museum, or elsewhere. And, what is more important still, if any of you find bones that look like human ones actually sticking out of the side of a gravel pit or other deposit, I do ask you to call in a geologist to examine the specimen before it is dug out so that scientific evidence of its age may be obtained. Good hunting to all of you. I don't really see why you should not find a really early fossil man in England before we find another in Kenya.

DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY

## Should Cotton Mills Be Closed?

LANCASHIRE FOLK, YOU KNOW, are strong individualists. They like each to go their own gait. I'm one myself and I know. That did very well in the past, but in some ways it won't do now. If the cotton industry is going to get out of its miseries it must be able to think and act as an industry. All previous attempts to tidy up the position have been defeated by the unwillingness of some firms to line up with the rest in carrying out a policy for the industry as a whole. Now the Master Cotton Spinners are having another try. They have decided to back two proposals. One is that all cotton-spinning firms shall be made to join an association, and that the association shall have legal power to draw up and enforce what is called a quota system to 'regulate production'. That means that each firm will be told that it mustn't produce more than a certain amount of cotton yarn. If it does it will have to pay a fine and the fine will go to reward or compensate those firms that have produced less than the amount they were allowed. The Association will also have power to punish any mill that sells cotton yarn below cost.

The second part of the plan is that a Board shall be set up under Act of Parliament to buy up and destroy about one-quarter of the present cotton-spinning machinery. It is calculated that at a fair rate of compensation this would cost £2,000,000; and the proposal is to raise the £2,000,000 by a levy on the remaining mills. Limiting the amount to be produced sounds rather like that 'ca' canny' that the trade unions used to be charged with encouraging, doesn't it? And the breaking up of two million spindles sounds quite like the machine-wrecking riots of a century ago, only that was the workpeople and these are the masters themselves. It's an odd world we are living in, isn't it? Do you think it is right to buy up cotton mills, close them, and destroy their machinery? What do I think? I'm quite clear about it, I think it is right. I know the people who are working now off and on in those mills will lose their jobs. And the fact that those who are working broken time in the remaining mills will then work full time is no compensation to the displaced workers. That is true too. But knowing all that, and feeling strongly about it, I hold fast to the essential point, which is that the cotton-spinning industry will not in any time that we can foresee get a demand for its products that will use anything like the whole of the existing machinery. It is clear to me that the plant of the cotton industry should be cut down to the amount needed, and the least efficient mills with the worst machinery should be the ones to go. You may wonder why these mills aren't down and out already. There is always supposed to be a process of natural selection at work in industry in which the least fit go under. What's happened to that? Well, in this age of ours it doesn't work. The mill goes bankrupt; someone buys it for a song; and off it goes again, making at a loss, selling at ruinous prices, and making mischief right and left. The only way to get rid of such mills once and for all is to buy them up and shut them down and make them so that no one can start them up again. It's an odd thing, too, that one should have to compensate the owners of a mill that's making no profit and probably never will. It looks all wrong; but the most you can say of it is that it's a good bargain. Or you may put to me a much more difficult question. Why not let these surplus mills with their surplus spindles go on working full time making yarn for shirts and sheets and tablecloths and cotton frocks for the people of our own country who, to put it mildly, haven't all they could do with of these things? Perhaps I shall try to answer that question in a later talk.

JOHN HILTON

## Undersea Adventure

DIVING IN TORRES STRAIT—that strip of water, full of islands, which separates New Guinea from Australia—is done from a moving craft. With the lugger sailing or drifting along above him, the pearl diver in his canvas-and-rubber dress, walks about the sea-floor, and picks up the pearl-shells as he finds them. By means of signals on his lifeline, he has the lugger sailed in whatever direction, and at what speed, he wishes.

For weeks at a time, I have walked farther on the bottom of the sea than on land. It was dangerous, of course. There was danger from over-pressure of the air, and from sea-creatures, or from the air-pipe or lifeline getting fouled. My greatest scare, though, was when I encountered a creature called a 'Blanket Fish'. This was in eighteen fathoms of clear water, not far from Thursday Island. The first I knew of the danger was a shadow up above me. At first I thought it was a shark, so I tried to scare him away. I did this by easing one of the rubber wrist-bands of the dress and letting a puff of air shoot out. The air is, of course, compressed, and shoots out with great force. This will nearly always send a tropical shark scooting away. A diver, in his inflated dress, with great round eyes and a loud boiling of air-bubbles rushing up from the outlet valve of his helmet, is a frightening enough object to any shark, without having a spurt of air shot at him like something from a gun. Then I saw that it was no shark but a blanket fish—a great, wide, flat creature who by his very weight could sweep away my pipe and line. He was about midway between me and the surface, and moving slowly along with a kind of undulating action. My airpipe and lifeline, curving up through the water to the lugger, were right in his track. I squirted the jet of air up at him but he took no notice. To give the 'up' signal would mean that I would be hauled right bang up into him! It was a nasty thought, I can tell you! My job was to get my airpipe and lifeline out of the creature's track. He was so wide that he shut out the sunlight which filtered down through the water. I was in a patch of awful shade. I ran



along the bottom. A deep-sea diver has to be very careful of his movements and to run is dangerous. If he should stumble and fall, the heavy weights on his chest and back, together with the banking of the air in the wrong parts of the dress, might prevent him from getting right way up again. But I had to risk all that. I blundered along, as hard as I could go, in a direction which would take my pipe and line out of the blanket fish's path. I nearly fell a couple of times. It was only by a miracle that I kept my feet. It was the most awful kind of running imaginable. Then I stopped, abruptly. The airpipe and lifeline had suddenly become tight. This meant that the blanket fish had reached them! That was one of the most terrible moments of my life. The strain on the pipe and line increased as the great fish pressed on. I was pulled backwards and up. I expected each moment to feel the pipe give and then break. That, of course, would have been the end of me. The breaking of his airpipe means drowning for a diver. For some seconds that seemed an eternity I was dragged along like this. Then suddenly the strain relaxed. The shadow moved slowly away and I was free. It was like a miracle. What had happened was that my running had taken me nearly clear from under the great fish. It was merely the edge of him, scraping past, that had caught the pipe and line, and after a few moments they had slipped off!

JACK McLAREN

## Celebrating Twelve Years of Fascism

Broadcast from Rome on October 28

ROME HAS BEEN BATHED in brilliant sunshine all today while the Fascist celebrations have taken place. Last night, I was in a little village up in the Alban Hills. They were hoisting flags and emblems, and washing the streets, and as I came back to Rome at dusk, workmen were putting up over the gate of St. John, near the Lateran, illuminated signs, THE YEAR 13: THIRTEENTH YEAR OF THE FASCIST REGIME, which begins tomorrow.

The chief event today has been the opening of the new road of the Circus Maximus, part of Mussolini's plan for clearing away the unsightly tenements that used to hedge in ancient Rome, the Forum, the Capitol and the Palatine. These slums have been pulled down and the occupants removed to new blocks of flats, while broad new roads with trees have been laid out where these slums used to be. Today's ceremony took the form of a parade along the new road past Signor Mussolini of 15,000 young men representing all the sporting organisations of the country—footballers, rowers carrying oars, hockey-players with their sticks, runners, gymnasts, university students, young Fascists and tiny Balilla of eight or nine years of age. It made a fine splash of colour, white, blue, red and black. Then the whole 15,000 drew up in a square, and cheered Il Duce over and over again, singing 'Giovinezza' and other songs. Among the spectators I noticed the hero of the hour, Warrant Officer Agello, who has just broken his own world's air speed record by flying 441 miles an hour over Lake Garda. After the athletic parade I heard Signor Mussolini speak to a huge throng at the Palazzo Venezia, the Fascist headquarters, where he was distributing prizes to about ninety peasants from all parts of Italy—prizes for being faithful to the soil through long years of service. The celebrations ended this evening with the closing of the Fascist Exhibition depicting the history of the movement since 1919.

R. S. LAMBERT

## Facts and Fancies

WHY DOES AN UNEMPLOYED man in the crowd denounce the system which condemns him and millions with him to live in poverty and anxiety? Not only because it is a terrible and painful experience, though that may be uppermost in his mind at the time. Behind his denunciation of present conditions is the belief that he and his fellows are worth something very much better. There is a certain standard of human values which he takes for granted. He knows that Christian and non-Christian alike will accept that standard without question. It is all so obvious to him that he fails to see the assumption contained within it. . . . Those who deny that there is either God or pur-

pose at the back of the universe, and insist that our lives are determined by their circumstances and environment, are the same people who look to a world of happiness and freedom when all Churches have been closed, all Christian teaching forgotten and all parsons 'liquidated'. Once again beneath their 'rigorous logic', as they like to call it, is a naive and innate confidence, which is quite uncritical, that there is a good time coming.

How often have I been forcibly reminded by members of the crowd that they want facts not fancies, but the truth is that they would never want a single fact unless they had previously indulged what they contemptuously call their fancy. In that realm of fancy they first came to know those ideals and ends of living which afterwards they seek in the world about them, which is but a rather clumsy way of saying that we seek the Kingdom of Heaven because, as Jesus said, the Kingdom is already within us.

DONALD O. SOPER

## Moonstruck Herrings

ON OCTOBER 18 the average landing of herrings per vessel at Yarmouth was 30 crans, on Friday 32 crans, on Saturday 44 crans. On Monday, the twenty-second, there was a big jump to an average per vessel of 98 crans, on the twenty-third the average was still greater—105 crans, and the next day, with a greatly reduced fleet, the average landings per vessel were 91 crans at Yarmouth, and 110 crans at Lowestoft. A cran contains somewhere about 1,000 herrings.

Why did we anticipate large catches round about October 22? The main—though not the only—reason is that this was the date of full moon. It has long been known by the practical man that, in this great autumn fishery, good catches are most likely



The Great Exhibition of the History of the Fascist Movement

E. Richter, Rome

to occur about the time of full moon. It is only recently, however, that this question has been studied scientifically. Mr. Savage and Dr. Hodgson, of the Fisheries Laboratory, Lowestoft, have taken the weekly landings of herring at Yarmouth and Lowestoft for the last thirteen years, and correlated them with the phases of the moon. The fact clearly emerges from their work that high catches tend to occur at either the October full moon or the November full moon, or sometimes at both—it all depends on the dates of these moons. This year it is the October moon that is important.

Why are herrings moonstruck, so to speak, so that it is easier to catch them when the moon is full? Well, we don't quite know. It seems fairly clear that the herring aren't more numerous at this time; but it seems they are more excited: they move about more freely and are, therefore, more liable to be caught in the nets. It is significant that these herring are, for the most part, mature, and ready to spawn during the next couple of months. In herring shoals which aren't going to spawn for some time, the lunar influence appears to be absent. So that we may, perhaps, assume that this peculiar behaviour of the herring is somehow connected with the approach of their spawning period. One thing's clear: that it isn't the influence of spring tides that affects the herring, for in that case we should get large catches also after new moon.

DR. E. S. RUSSELL



*The New Christendom*

# *The Work of Christian Missions*

By Rev. WILLIAM PATON

*The Secretary of the International Missionary Council describes the work of the Established and Free Churches in the mission field*

TO most people, I suppose, the word 'missionary' means just one kind of man or woman: chiefly, someone who preaches. We don't quite know just how many missionaries belonging to the Anglican and Protestant churches there are in the world, but it must be nearly 20,000. They cover a great diversity of labours. Let me take two examples from my own experience, just to show how different are the types of work that the word 'missionary' covers. I knew a man in North India who was jocularly called 'the poultry missionary'. He was working among some of the very poorest people in the whole of India, and he saw that something had to be done to help them out of the frightful slough of debt and despair in which they were sunk. So he began helping to improve the quality of the wretched chickens they bred, as well as starting the measures of rural co-operation which have done so much for the Indian countryside, and in which the help of Government is always ready. Who would say that this was not 'spiritual' work? I think of another man, living year after year in a little thatched hut outside Calcutta, with wire-netting to keep the jackals out at night. He is engaged in all manner of good works, but the thing that counts is that he is known to be a man of prayer, and what he is speaks more loudly than either what he does or what he says.

## Variety of Work and Workers

My mind goes back to the typical big mission-station in the East, from which a whole group of activities radiate out to a great area round about. Here are some men, and women also, giving their whole time to preaching the gospel, helping the native pastors in their own work of preaching and pastoral oversight, and dealing with the problems of church discipline and the myriad bits of work that come in the way of the clergyman or minister or deaconess here at home, with all the differences that geography and climate and a much younger Church bring in their train.

Close by, you see a High School for boys and perhaps a college; a High School for girls and, less probably, a college; each the summit of a graded system of schools in a great district, starting from the simplest village work. This means professors, schoolmasters and mistresses, others whose job it is to encourage and supervise the village teachers.

In another compound is the hospital, and very likely there is a system of little dispensaries out in the country worked from the centre, perhaps a leper hospital and certainly a deal of work not only for those who are sick but to prevent sickness by public health teaching and preventive medicine.

Elsewhere we find missionaries engaged in the training of the ministry from among the people themselves, and others training Christian teachers, both men and women. In a city we shall find a social service settlement, modelled on ours at home, in which an effort is made to tackle the dreadful evils that have grown up in the industrialised centres of the East. Somewhere we shall find a few missionaries giving their time to the immensely important job of creating a Christian literature in the vernacular, in fellowship naturally with scholars of the country.

Yet even all these types of work, though they cover the greatest number of missionaries, are only some of the ways in which the work is done. There are architects and accountants, working perhaps on behalf not of one but a group of missions. And alongside of all this specialised work in the greater centres you get the quite wonderful man or woman-of-all-work in the villages. There can hardly be a job in the whole world that calls for a greater variety of human resources and qualities than that of the missionary in a big rural field.

Of course, the whole of this work is carried on not just as a foreign activity, manned by Westerners, but in intimate co-operation with the Christians of the country. You begin, as you must, with the initiative of the missionary, and the Indian, Chinese or African is helper and subordinate. But the time comes when this is changed, in fact, it is steadily changing all the time. The subordinate becomes an equal fellow-worker, pastor, teacher, doctor, professor, whatever it may be. Later on, as the Church develops, the leadership passes to the people

of the country, and so you find the Indian or the Chinese bishop with English missionaries working loyally under him.

So much for the variety of the work. But it is distinguished by another kind of variety, that of the workers themselves. All the great Churches of our land are at work in some part, or in many parts, of the world. If you went to Bengal, for instance, you would find the Church of England and the Church of Scotland at work, and missionaries of the Methodist, Baptist and Congregational Churches. The Welsh Presbyterians are in the extreme East of India and the Irish Presbyterians in the extreme West. These are from our own country, but we have to remember that of the total non-Roman-Catholic missionary work in the world, we British do only about a quarter. Even in India, so closely linked with Britain, there are at least as many American missionaries as British.

## A Lesson for the Home Churches

You may wonder whether this amazing mixture of nations and of Churches—Anglican, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Quaker—does not in practice cause irremediable confusion. What do the people of these lands make of it all? It is a right and indeed an inevitable question, and it is not possible to give an entirely reassuring answer to it. So long as the Christendom of Europe and America is divided, so long will the world wait for a vigorous, effective and united witness to the Christian gospel. It is even possible—and one only says it with shame—that those who have been united in Muhammad or Buddha may be divided in Christ.

But the blame lies not with the missions and the missionaries; it lies with the home Churches. There is far more effective and resolute combined activity among the missions and among the younger Churches that have grown up in Asia and Africa than there is among us here at home. Not only are the native Churches growing into unity, as South India, Persia, China and Africa especially show; but even apart from the question of actual unity of Church organisation, an immense amount of combined work is done. Take the great colleges: the Women's Christian College of Madras is supported by over a dozen missions, British and American, and the men's college in Madras by seven. I know a big missionary sanatorium for tuberculosis, probably the best of its kind in India, which has nearly twenty missions behind it.

Again, there are agreements not to overlap in each other's fields; so that you find American Lutherans working in one area, next door to them Anglicans, and perhaps Baptists next again. It has the odd result that for many Indians and Chinese their denomination is settled by geography, but at least it means that in many, perhaps even in most, areas, non-Roman-Catholic Christianity is represented by one body and not by many. This determination on the part of missionaries and native Christians not to let the historic differences of the West hamstring their work has led to a remarkable network of representative Councils in which every kind of Churchmanship finds its place. We have in India, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, the Near East and certain parts of Africa and South America, bodies usually called by some such title as 'National Christian Council', in which missions and indigenous Churches join together to plan and pray for what they acknowledge to be a common work.

Linking them all together with the great groups of missions in Europe and America is the International Missionary Council. When that Council met six years ago outside Jerusalem, with the representatives of 50 different nations gathered together, I do not think that a visitor would have been chiefly impressed with the fact of disunity. I think he would have been impressed with the way in which a body of infinite variety was yet animated by a common purpose, and in the strength of that common purpose, learning to grow into a true unity. Perhaps when the long day is over we shall find that while the divided Churches of Europe and America gave their witness to the Gospel to the East and to Africa, they have received back again from the younger Churches that God has raised up there, the blessing of unity.



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

### Women in Germany Today

It is regrettable that in his interesting talk on 'Earning the Right to Work in Germany' Mr. Crossman is apparently under the delusion that putting women out of work and substituting men decreases the unemployment problem. Today the slogan 'equal pay for equal work', quite regardless of the sex of the worker, cannot be ignored. Mr. Crossman should be modern enough to deplore the retrograde movement in Germany with regard to women. But not a bit of it; for after writing that the Nazis 'promise railway reductions for families, cheap honeymoons and loans to young married couples and these loans need not be repaid at all if the wife can produce enough children within a given time', he adds, 'You see here too there is a sort of justice about the idea'. A sort of justice indeed! Mr. Crossman does not state how many children the wife has to produce—one every year for a number of years, presumably, which incidentally the medical world has agreed is bad for the woman and detrimental to the race.

Chelsea

C. F. N. MACKAY

### Why War?

May I be allowed to disagree with some points in Dr. Inge's talk 'Why War?' reported in THE LISTENER of October 17? Although some armament shareholders may not be interested in their dividends, many opponents of peace prove, on enquiry, to be armament shareholders, and so do some militarist newspapers. Also, the American armament firms were sufficiently interested in war to pay Mr. Shearer a fabulous sum to break up the Naval Disarmament Conference in 1927.

Dr. Inge's questions about wars of conquest do not concern us now, for when the world could not support its population war was an unavoidable struggle for existence. But now we can produce more than we need, and war has no justification. America and Australia are eminently suited to Asiatics, who must live somewhere, and if these countries had not excluded the Japanese they would not have invaded Manchuria. War was the only means of settling disputes when the American Civil War and the wars which united Italy and Germany into single states were fought; but now we have the League and the Hague Court. As he says, nations' fear for their security causes war; and the League provides for pooled security whereby all members promise to attack an aggressor. Dr. Inge objects to this because it might involve us in a war; but no power would attack another if it knew the whole world would attack it. It is generally agreed that Germany would not have invaded Belgium if she had anticipated opposition from Britain alone.

Patriotism is the result of education and the teaching of national military history instead of international social history in schools; and this leads to the ignorance and fear of foreigners which Dr. Inge admits causes war. Only by learning to love our neighbours can we destroy war, and the cultivation of patriotism makes this impossible.

Bebington

LAURENCE BATTY

In dealing with the responsibility for promoting war, Dr. Inge 'puts aside the alleged malignant influence of armament firms'. In doing so he confuses the 'legal personality' of a company with the actual personalities of its individual members. Individual members in a company as such are not partners in the enterprise in a legal sense, and have no title to share in its management. The driving force back of any company is not exercised by the benevolent small investors, but by the duly elected managers of such a firm. The managers must produce dividends or lose their jobs. Personally a manager may have no love for war, but if by fomenting a fear of war he can create profitable business for the firm he manages he is certainly going to do it. He can satisfy his own conscience that he was no more responsible for any war that might ensue than a distiller of ardent spirits is for debauchery and drunkenness.

Then Dr. Inge tries to make out that to be citizens of the world is to scrap patriotism, and that patriotism is too good a thing to lose. I live in a country where, when communications

were not so good as they are today, patriotism was very strong. Only the tribe or clan and not the state was the centre of that patriotism. As a MacDonald in those days I would have patriotically exterminated any group of Campbells within my reach and power. Today the state would hang me for murder if I successfully attempted any such nonsense. Now my patriotism is centred in the state and I count Campbells among my best friends. Was the substitution of state patriotism for family or clan patriotism a bad thing?

Campbeltown

JOHN GRAHAM McDONALD

Dr. W. R. Inge writes that 'the main cause of modern war is unquestionably fear', and that 'the causes of fear must be removed'. Hence it is of supreme importance to enquire of what the peoples are chiefly afraid, and how this cause of their fear can be removed. Are not people today in this country, and still more on the Continent, more afraid of a sudden attack from the air than of anything else? And since there is no sure defence against such an attack, is there any other possible means of averting that fear and so removing this chief cause of war than by the total abolition of naval and military air forces in all countries? Do the British public realise that in March, 1933, the Air Commission of the Disarmament Conference came to substantial accord with regard to the abolition of aerial warfare through the internationalisation of civil aviation? What steps are the Government taking to implement the promise of the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, that they would strive for an agreement with other European Powers in respect of military and naval air forces?

Tulse Hill

RODERIC K. CLARK

Sir Norman Angell compares collective security with the national police system in which individuals have to give up their blunderbusses, as he puts it, and rely on the policeman for protection. The analogy is hardly a good one. Under collective security the individual state is not deprived of its blunderbuss. It is merely expected to use the weapon in defence of its neighbours as well as itself. If any comparison is to be made it is surely with the *posse* system. Collective security may be the best we can hope for in the present state of affairs, but nothing short of an international police force will ever guarantee peace.

Palmers Green

CLIVE SANSOM

Any ex-infantry target who survived three or four years in France as a front line private can supply the answer in two words to the question 'Why War?': mass ignorance, the creator of all evils.

Greenford

W. RATHBONE

### Seurat's 'La Baignade'

If Mr. Townsend finds such dreadful implications in the word 'affectation' I am willing to withdraw it. But I should have to substitute the word 'mannerism', which from his point of view is probably no better. All I wished to convey was that the particular method of painting practised by Seurat was one confined to his school and his period. I admit, too, that his method of painting—in 'La Baignade', at any rate—is not strictly speaking pointillist, but as the amiable and facetious Mr. Hartman remarks on another page of last week's issue, critics 'who are always hard up for something new to say', could not resist the word; and *pointillisme* has come to mean any method by means of which, to quote the *Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, 'luminous effects (are produced) by crowding a surface with small spots of various colours, which are blended by the eye'. There remains only the question: When is a spot not a spot? To which Mr. Townsend would reply: When it is painted by Seurat. Let me assure Mr. Townsend that I was not attempting to disparage Seurat's technique; for though I would still maintain that it is not important in estimating the permanent values of Seurat's art, I think it is interesting, adequate, and generally delightful.

Hampstead

HERBERT READ



## Building Design

In one of the 'Week by Week' comments on current affairs in THE LISTENER of October 17, it is suggested that the R.I.B.A. has removed a serious obstruction to the efficiency of Advisory Panels as adjuncts to town-planning by confining their functions to 'advice on buildings that are definitely "illiterate and injurious"'. That may be so, but what exactly the terms 'illiterate' and 'injurious' mean in this context would seem to be doubtful. If it be admitted, for instance (as it probably would be by a majority both of the R.I.B.A. and the C.P.R.E.), that the charm England still possesses, in spite of the encroachments of disorganised industrial progress and the ubiquitous vulgarity of tea-shop Tudor, would be greatly impaired by the destruction of every pre-Victorian building, then it must be conceded that such buildings constitute a standard of design which ought not to be completely ignored even by a go-ahead architect; and whatever may be the æsthetic merits of a ferro-concrete house with a flat roof, they are not those of pre-Victorian architecture, as its designer would probably be the first to allow. Whether an architect is justified in ignoring traditional standards for æsthetic reasons is a question which can hardly be decided by a comparison between the merits of a well-designed ferro-concrete house and the defects of an ordinary suburban villa, and the economic superiority of reinforced concrete to bricks and timber in house-building has yet to be proved. Moreover, it is but poor comfort to know that the object of a national aversion is the work of a learned and reputable architect. The architects of the Gothic Revival were not, as a rule, either illiterate or disreputable, yet much of their work now seems to us to have been definitely injurious.

Ashford

P. A. RICE

## Telford and Nineteenth-Century Scotland

I do not think Mr. Kenneth Brown's letter in your last issue succeeds in justifying his previous description of Scotland in 1801-2 as 'sunk deep in poverty and squalor after the Jacobite rebellions'. 'Poverty and squalor' would, it is true, be a perfectly fair description of conditions of life in the Highlands at that time, to which Mr. Brown's quotations from Telford and Smiles plainly refer; but he applied it to Scotland as a whole. Moreover, his use in this connection of the vague phrase 'after the Jacobite rebellions' make the whole sentence as wildly inconsequent as if he had described England in 1901 as 'sunk deep in poverty and squalor after the Chartist riots'.

The Income Tax figures which Mr. Brown quotes for 1814-5 prove nothing but that taxpayers' incomes in Scotland were smaller than in England and Wales. So in support of the label 'poverty and squalor' Mr. Brown's only remaining evidence is the opinion (at second-hand) of two English tourists in 1803, that Scotland was less picturesque than Westmorland, and Scottish inns uncomfortable. Against this let me set the opinion of another English tourist (who, by the way, saw much more of Scotland than the Wordsworths), Thomas Pennant. Writing of East Lothian in 1769, he called it 'as rich a tract of corn land as I ever saw . . . the roads good, the country very populous, a number of manufactures carried on, and the prospect embellished with gentlemen's seats'. Tourists' opinions apart, the truth is that between the last Jacobite rising and 1801 Scotland underwent as great developments and improvements in agriculture as she did during the next fifty years in industry. No country whose farmers flourish is poor and squalid. Ramsay of Ochtertyre, an experienced agriculturist and a keen observer and recorder of the changes of his time, who lived from 1736 to 1814, described the thirteen years following 1760 as bringing 'a glut of prosperity, public and private, unexampled in Scotland'. I have quoted in my previous letter an example of agricultural progress in Angus between 1758 and 1788, and I can assure Mr. Brown that similar evidence could be given for many other counties. It was not in the Highlands that the bulk of Scotland's population lived during the last half of the eighteenth century, any more than today; and in the populous districts there was an immense rise in the standard of living. Colonel William Fullarton, in his report on Ayrshire to the Board of Agriculture in 1793, takes eight quarto pages to describe the contrast between conditions in that large and flourishing county then and forty years before.

It would be tedious to go into details of the expansion in industry, commerce, and banking during the same period; but I will mention the significant fact that it was in Edinburgh, in the middle of the century, that the banking firm of John Coutts

and Co. started and developed its business. It was surely not a community living in 'poverty and squalor' that built the New Town and University of Edinburgh, the present commercial quarter of Glasgow, the municipal buildings of Dundee, Peebles, Linlithgow, or Haddington, or such 'gentlemen's seats' as Inveraray, Auchinleck, Ravelston, Marchmont, or Culzean.

Lastly, let me amplify my statement that road-making in parts of Scotland was well forward before Telford began his work there. Pennant speaks of the 'excellent roads' of Aberdeenshire, and George Dempster of Dunnichen, in August, 1793, thus described the extension of roads in Angus: 'Now every town in the county communicates with another by a road little inferior to that to Clapham or Highgate, with bridges where necessary. We have besides about £2,500 of composition of statute labour bearing yearly on our bye roads, and roads of communication with the great turnpike roads to every house and farm'.

Haddington

JAMES FERGUSON

## 'Berlioz, the Man and his Work'

When I said 'Mr. Turner takes Berlioz's *Mémoires* and correspondence at their face value', I was referring to vital points, such as the pictures they give of Berlioz's character, emotions, actions, and adventures—not of secondary points such as Berlioz's omission to mention his brother or his early journalism, nor even of his version of the Camille Moke affair (I quite agree with Mr. Turner that 'an author has the right, when it comes to intimate personal matters, to throw dust in the readers' eyes'). I did put forward that when Mr. Turner says 'Berlioz could not help the extravagance of his feelings', he is taking Berlioz at his own valuation—for as regards the extravagance of those feelings (and actions), we seldom have any testimony but Berlioz's own; whereas (as I tried to show so far as was possible within the limits of a brief review) there often is evidence of his fondness for picturesque exaggeration. By the way: what Mr. Turner says on page 29 of his book is that the *Mémoires* are not reliable 'as to Berlioz's movements during his first year in Paris'.

I also tried to show Mr. Turner's book as I saw it: as an earnest impassioned vindication of Berlioz the man and the artist; thereby clearly implying that it adequately covered the ground it set out to cover. I must plead guilty to not having thought it needful to say in so many words that a writer of Mr. Turner's knowledge and standing, bringing out a book on Berlioz in 1934, had 'given a mass of material which does not appear in the *Mémoires*'—the *Mémoires* having appeared in their final form in 1870. I certainly intimated that the evidence at hand did not preclude judgments different from Mr. Turner's. But I should be amazed and grieved if any reader of THE LISTENER suspected me of having found 'dull and stupid' a book whose main conclusions I was at such pains to comment upon.

Chelsea

M. D. CALVOCORESSI

## On Intelligence

I apologise to Mr. Cyril H. George for not having defined 'intelligence', and will now define it as 'the capacity for absorbing new ideas'.

Usk

RAGLAN

## Questions to Sir James Jeans

Sir James Jeans says, 'When our barometer points to thirty inches, it means that the atmosphere above us weighs the same as a lake of mercury thirty inches deep'. If we could reduce the temperature to the absolute zero so that the earth became covered with a mantle of air snow, would this mantle have the aforesaid weight? With the utmost temerity, I suggest that Sir James is confusing pressure with weight.

Lewes

W. R. DUNSTAN

Sir James Jeans, in his broadcast reported in THE LISTENER of October 10, states: 'For space curves back on itself, just as the surface of our earth does, so that if we travel on sufficiently far in a perfectly straight line we shall come back in time to our starting-point'. Such a positive statement suggests that it is a demonstrable truth; as true, for example, as that light has a velocity of 186,000 miles a second. The latter can be demonstrated by experiment, but can Sir James tell us whether the



above-quoted passage can be supported by any experiment or any observation or inference therefrom, or whether such essentials of scientific investigation are ignored and the statement is based solely upon speculative mathematics?

Ewell

F. E. FILER

### Poverty in Plenty

Mr. H. D. Henderson states in his talk published on October 17, that 'If the commodity is *not* sold at lower prices [the italics are mine] those connected with its production will receive larger incomes, whether as wages or salaries or profits, and *they* will be in a position to increase their purchases'. Granted that this is as it should be, however, it seems to me that this is what happens. Whenever production increases, mainly through the introduction of machinery, it is naturally because the demand for that particular article justifies the increased production. That this increase means an increase in profits and income, I grant; but—for whom? That is the crucial point which upsets the whole theory. I am afraid it goes all, or at best mainly, to the managers and directors of the firm. The workers get none of the extra profits—at least nothing worth mentioning. This means that the purchasing power of the common people is not increased much, if at all. Therefore the extra produce becomes mainly surplus, remaining in the warehouses; and then we all know what happens—prices for that commodity fall, in an effort by the firm to get rid of their surplus stocks; the firm's income is thus decreased and the authorities have no alternative but to discharge some employees. The whole crux of the situation seems to me that, whereas increased demand is temporary, the 'increasing production' machinery is, comparatively speaking, permanent.

Portsmouth

IVOR H. BARNSDALE

I entirely disagree with Dr. Hugh Dalton's planned path to prosperity. Planning and regulating another man's life does not make him your equal; it makes him your slave. Planning and regulating industry and tying it up with 'codes' is only going to intensify the system which makes human beings helpless cogs in the machine. Let the economic experts point out to us the direction in which advantage lies by all means, but we do not want the State, that is a few people, ordering the lives of their fellow-men in the particular way that the few think right. The ordering of lives should be exercised only to the bare minimum necessary to keep citizens within the ordered social structure, allowing them to be free to express their own individualities.

What the poor want is the opportunity to live the lives of decent citizens, obtaining sufficient of the good things of life for their needs and happiness. Instead of wishing to regulate their lives for them, therefore, let those in power consider how they can create opportunity for them. The only way of trying to make others our equals is to try to make them as independent as we ourselves may be, and this must be done by breaking down vested interests, making training cheap, and getting rid of snobbery. To begin with, there is plenty of idle land in this country. Give the unemployed an opportunity of getting on to it cheaply and making themselves largely independent in regard to one of their most important primary needs—food. I hope this country will never copy the ridiculous and reckless experiments of America. It is quite easy for a nation to bring about a false appearance of prosperity by creating public works, etc., and piling up debts which future generations will have to pay.

Eastbourne

K. F. WILLIAMSON

Mr. Hugh Dalton, in his talk in the 'Poverty in Plenty' series seemed to infer that it is a disgrace to the country that there are 90,000 people earning over £2,000 per year. Without doubting Mr. Dalton's genuine feelings for the poor and distressed, his remarks sound very much like class propaganda, and calculated more to aggravate discontent than to alleviate it. Besides, if 90,000 people have worked hard enough and been clever and steady enough to earn £2,000 a year, I 'take off my hat' to them, and thank them for contributing to the wealth of the country, and also, do not forget, to the tune of some 45 millions in Income Tax for the benefit of those who are not so clever. I am not concerned with the round dozen or so of millionaires he mentioned; they are too far up in the stars for my ken, but they seemed to have done their bit.

St. John's Wood

£500 A YEAR

### Car Control

Though I am a mere pedestrian, I was much interested by your editorial note on motor-car controls. The car of today, with its array of levers, pedals, knobs, switches and dials, can only be

compared with the wireless set of ten years ago. Surely, if it has been possible to reduce the controls of a wireless set to two or three, it ought to be possible to 'gang' those of a car to bring them into conformity with the number of hands of the driver. Furthermore, I am of opinion that the feet are quite unsuitable for operating main controls such as accelerator and brake, and should be relegated to operating, say, the horn and head-light dimmers (or possibly turn indicators).

Watermael, Belgium

E. J.

### Romanesque

I am perplexed by the growing application of the word 'Romanesque' to architectural style and ornament, although the usage seems to be sanctioned by a recently-published English dictionary: 'Style of Architecture prevalent in Western Europe between fifth and twelfth centuries, developed from Roman, and characterised by round arches'. Any French dictionary defines 'Romanesque' as '*Qui tient du roman, merveilleux. Exalté*'—in other words, Romantic; a sense which has no reference immediate or remote to architecture, round-arched or otherwise. Architecture characterised by round arches is '*architecture romane*'. French architectural writers give no sanction to the application of 'Romanesque' to any architectural style derived from the Roman—*l'art romain*. By them, construction characterised by the round arch (*l'arc en plein cintre*) is called simply *la construction romane*. The use of the word 'Romanesque' in this connection by English writers is a source of amusement to French-speaking people. The fact that an Englishman may be romantic (*romanesque*) does not make a Roman of him.

It is true that your contributor Mr. A. W. Clapham in his altogether delightful article 'English Romanesque Sculpture' is not without precedents in the work of earlier English popularisers of architectural styles; but it is a bad precedent which should be abandoned. A reference to *L'Art Romain* in the series 'La Grammaire des Styles', Paris, Librairie d'Art R. Ducher, should disabuse any English writer of the notion that 'Romanesque' has any reference to architecture of any style whatever.

Paignton

A. S. RENSHAW

## Night-piece

*Sea Voice:* With these my massive arms of water flung  
Wide and afar about the darkened globe,  
I grasp in grim despair at frigid shores  
Of islands that repulse my wild embrace.  
Then I would smash them. Hatred in my waves  
Surges against the allied stubborn cliffs;  
And I will on, will ever onwards crash,  
Blind as the night reflected in my deep,  
Against the stone limbs of these lands that love  
me not.

*Bird Voice:* My flapping pinions catch  
Dissolving snow with which  
The air quivers; is taut  
The fragile bone beneath my feather;  
My meagre bird-flesh hates  
The sharp kiss of this winter weather.

The cloud-hung heavy spate,  
Across the sky, of night  
Chills my frail heart with fear;  
Buffeted, deafened by the hollow  
Howl of the sea, how fare  
Shall I, with no star left to follow?

*Man Voice:* Silence I cannot this sorry yearning  
Which with each winter night returns,  
Finding a voice in waves' and wild birds' calling;  
Distress commences as first darkness falls.  
Sea-spume and wind-blown mist above the seething  
Ocean meadows, with each breath I breathe  
Enter my open heart, as I stand staring,  
To mimic night's empty panic there.

DAVID GASCOYNE



## The Economy of Abundance

(Continued from page 717)

A man can no longer go into business for himself as could be done 100 years ago. He can establish a business, true, but it would almost instantly land in a court of insolvency, unless he is prepared to be subordinated to the whole economic organism. He becomes a part of the one organism which covers his own country, continent, and to a lesser extent, the whole world. Now little farmers, little shopkeepers, little iron masters in 1800 could boast of their economic individualism—and even practise it. Today we boast of it, but nobody dares practise it. Imagine a business man telling the telephone company or the water company or the electric light company to get off his premises.



Ploughing under surplus cotton in Georgia in accordance with the Federal Government's plan to increase the price of the staple by reducing the cotton acreage

Economic activity today is governed by the whole organism just as a finger or a toe is governed by the whole body. It is true it can move by itself, but only within a very limited orbit. In these stern circumstances, the outcry of reactionaries about freedom, unfettered initiative, the curse of regimentation, are just loud and meaningless noises. One can discuss how far a finger should wiggle, but one cannot discuss a finger wiggling by itself without an arm, or a hand, or a body behind it.

The sixth fact is that the population of Western civilisation is growing ahead more slowly, and this has upset the plans of the real estate speculators—especially in the United States. Plans were laid in advance on the bland assumption that the curve of population would continue to move forward as it did in the nineteenth century. A few inventions in biology and some other events have halted this majestic expansion. Real estate interests in this country are waiting in a sort of dreadful suspense for business to pick up, so that their frozen mortgages may be validated, blind to the fact that to validate their mortgages, they must first pick up the population curve. If these gentlemen had their own interests at heart they should be running about breaking up birth control clinics, and repealing the immigration Acts.

The seventh fact is that the United States has reached the Pacific, and turned back on itself. The pioneer is dead. 'Go West, young man', said Horace Greeley half a century ago. Well, go West today, and try to get a job in Hollywood walking on. There are relatively more unemployed in California than there are in New York State. The frontier has gone, and with it the new markets that followed the opening of free lands. Agricultural industry and agricultural plant have been developed to a point far in excess of market demand. In 1929 the radio industry could readily have made five times as many radio sets as it could sell. Last year the farmers in California alone had 238,000 tons of peaches—fresh peaches—for which they could find no market. I have a photograph of a pile of oranges, 10 ft. high and easily a mile long, dumped from freight cars to rot. Brazil has just destroyed its 31 millionth bag of coffee. In this almost universal condition of excess plant capacity it is difficult to per-

suade private capital to add to the plant by investing in more Brazilian coffee or orange groves. Savings bear witness to this: saving has run far ahead of investment, and investment cannot catch up when energy and invention have already equipped the plant so well. And finally, the vast load of debt on the plant has not been appreciably lifted, and industry hesitates to pile up fresh debts on top of the old ones.

The eighth fact is that when domestic markets have in the past been saturated, it was common practice for industrial nations to sell their surplus goods or invest their savings abroad. That worked during the nineteenth century; but like the United States reaching the Pacific, the conquest of foreign markets has reached the end of the high seas. The so-called backward nations are already like the Western nations, and are developing their own energy, building their own factories, and supplying increasingly their own markets and even invading the trade preserves of the older industrial countries. Look what Japan has done to Lancashire; look at Russia; look at the Argentine. Western industrial powers as a whole no longer have the safety valves of expanding foreign markets into which much of their surplus could be dumped. Economic nationalism has become the order of the day. Apart from the ferocious infection of Jingoism it creates, it forms an almost insuperable barrier to the revival of industry on the capitalistic formula. The old markets are plastered with signs, such as 'Dump no goods here', or 'Trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law'—the law in such cases is a tariff miles high.

Well, those are the eight major facts which I placed before my Corporation President. Let us just recapitulate them. The growth of inanimate energy; the growth of invention; the decline in man-hour costs while costs in terms of money have been pegged by monopoly and waste; the increase in technological unemployment; the network of specialisation which has destroyed local self-sufficiency; the decline in the rate of growth of the population; the development of productive plant to a capacity far in excess of market demand; and the saturation of foreign trade due to the expansion of energy and invention in the so-called backward nations.

How shall these facts be interpreted? What kind of pattern can we weave from them? Many orthodox economists would be disposed to admit them, but to deny that the interpretation calls for a new social order. Such economists argue that prices have not fallen as costs have fallen: so destroy monopoly, establish free competition, they say, and the old system may be made to work again. But we cannot go back 150 years except by a cataclysm. Really to establish free competition again would mean



Letting between 4,000 and 5,000 gallons of milk run to waste, as the result of a dairy dispute



scrapping most government activities, scrapping labour unions, trade associations, holding companies—a good part of the corporate structure. It means deflation to the bitter end, and, above all, takes no account of the change in technological methods and the network of specialisation which has finished rugged individualism in fact, if not in theory. This interpretation is, in my opinion, pure moonshine.

Other students, somewhat more realistic, interpret the facts in another way. They invite us to look at the poverty of masses of the people. Here, they point out, is a potential market for unlimited electric refrigerators, stoves, radios, motor-cars—add what you like. It is ridiculous, they say, to talk about saturation point being reached in the capitalist system when people still need so many things. When Americans and Europeans have their wants satisfied, regard then the teeming hordes of Africa, Asia and South America. A partner in a large banking house painted this soothing picture for me only the other day. I asked him how the poor in America were to pay for electric refrigerators, to say nothing of the teeming hordes of China. But that he could not answer. None of this school have an answer: they just hope for the best. These gentlemen, you see, are confusing their frames of reference. They seem to think in their non-business hours that business is carried on to supply people with useful commodities, but in their business hours they know better, and act accordingly. The manufacturer of plumbing supplies who went about giving bath-tubs to people who needed them would not remain in business—indeed he would be lucky if he escaped detention in a lunatic asylum. We must keep our frames of reference clear, or we fall into vast confusion.

Now we may look at economic activity in terms of what has been called 'serviceability'—production for use. This is a physical frame, and, as it suggests, is concerned with what people need, and the available facilities to satisfy these needs. There can be no bank debts, profits, money or taxes, in this frame. It is a straight engineering point of view. Or we can look on economic activity in the frame of 'business as usual'—with the bank credit, debts, buying power, money, all in. The latter is the only view permissible to those who believe in maintaining the present financial system. Traders cannot give their goods away—they must sell them. This has been called 'vendibility'. You cannot mix serviceability and vendibility, any more than you can mix oil and water. You cannot sell radios to the citizens of China if they have no money to pay for them—if vendibility is to be the thing. The world may be starving for goods which could keep our factories and our mills at work, but not a wheel will be turned without the prospect of a pecuniary market. Let's have no more nonsense about human needs, from those who believe in 'business as usual'.

Now my interpretation of the eight facts is this. Energy and invention have produced an economy of abundance. Using the frame of reference of 'vendibility', this means a permanent surplus of goods, factory capacity, agricultural produce, and of labour. Machines, crops and man-power are drugs on the market. In physical terms—that is, from the standpoint of 'serviceability'—it is probable that energy and invention, aided by the elimination of waste, could give every family in Europe and in America a decent but modest standard of living and utterly abolish poverty. The present plant cannot yet provide luxuries for all, but it might well do so if invention is given a free hand.

The economy of abundance is trying to function in the confines of a financial system laid down when energy and invention were in their infancy. The gold standard, the methods by which capital is locked up and invested, the whole edifice of saving and insurance, based on the law of compound interest, are all scarcity institutions formulated in an age when wealth was scarce, and when capital saved from current consumption commanded a large premium. Now, if you please, we have a surfeit of capital, and the premium is no longer mandatory. As I see it, the financial system founded on scarcity has been split wide open by the technological pressure of an abundance economy.

I believe that capitalism has outlived its function; but the wreckage will take many years to clear away. We are habituated to it, and the habits of man change slowly. The Western world is in the throes of a new order. It is entering a period of transition from private capitalism to some new system, more consistent with the imperatives of a high energy culture—even as feudalism gave way to private capitalism some hundreds of years ago. But this transition took many decades. Ox-carts were a favourite method of energy consumption and transport. But this transition will be more rapid—300,000 h.p. turbines are not so patient as oxen.

The formula of private capitalism demands continually expanding markets, and expanding capital needs an outlet where unearned income may be profitably invested. The wages and salaries paid to the workers in one industry created demands in other industries, and it was these wages and salaries paid to the workers who were producing and consuming the goods which kept the system alive. It is of the utmost importance, however, to understand that capitalism, if it is to function properly, must expand. The eight facts have checked the rate of expansion, I believe, permanently.

Governments everywhere have been driven to fill the breach left by this abdication. In one sense that is all the New Deal is. The collapse of investment closed the doors of every bank in the nation in March, 1933—the New Deal prised the doors open with public credit. The collapse of the financial system threw millions on the street—the New Deal is feeding them and trying to find employment for them in public and civil works. These plans were carried out hastily and in a great emergency; few persons realised that the crisis was more than temporary.

If you are disposed to accept my impressions you have the right to ask me what I propose to do about it. I can only reply, with equal right, that I don't set myself up as an arbiter of vast historical change. No one person can do very much about it: not even Mr. Roosevelt. But many men and women who are alive to the facts are trying to throw their weight in a certain direction which may prevent the transition from being unnecessarily cruel or sanguinary. The first thing is to admit the necessity of the transition; the second, to appreciate the forces which engendered it; and the third, to secure some idea of a new social framework which will be consistent with these forces, and which will act with, rather than against them. Specifically this means a financial mechanism which will release purchasing power as fast as energy and invention lower man-hour costs and increase potential output. It is important to realise that hundreds of schemes and plans now advocated as alternatives to sound money, are in answer to an insistent demand. Somehow a new financial mechanism must be found. Various proposals for inflation, for the creation of non-interest-bearing public credit, the Douglas plan, and the schemes to nationalise private banks, are all aimed in the same direction.

Our problem is not to set our faces blindly against such proposals, calling them the visions of crackpots; but to determine which proposal can be tried out with the least social disruption. And we must remember that whatever is tried, some people are bound to be hurt. Again, it is no good, in the light of facts, to register a blanket protest against Government interference in economic activity. When private capitalism relinquishes the responsibility for the employment of capital goods workers, then the Government must assume responsibility.

As my business man admitted, the unemployed cannot be allowed to starve, or even to degenerate into unemployables. If we have even a trace of realism in our thoughts we must be prepared to see an increasing amount of collectivism, Government interference, social planning. And here again the question is not how to avoid that interference but how to apply it for the greatest good of the greatest number. The methods employed by Hitler and Mussolini leave something to be desired: but these, as well as the methods of Stalin and Roosevelt, and the recent conversion of the British public debt, are all items of historical transition—all answers of one kind or another to a set of unescapable conditions.

We must also prepare for a shift of accent from saving to spending, from production to distribution, from vendibility to serviceability. Only so may mass consumption catch up with mass production. And as the economy of abundance gains, it is not too much to expect that every family will be guaranteed economic security, on a fairly high level. The essentials of life will flow as a matter of right, even as the water supply, high roads, public health, and common school education flow today. Indeed, if we can keep our perspective and our heads, we may come out of this troubled transition with a stout foundation laid for the greatest civilisation ever dreamed of.

Technically the economic problem is solved. The task before us is to change traditional institutions so that the technical promise can be realised in fact, and to be perfectly clear in our minds that the technological pressures are smashing those institutions willy-nilly. What a happy day it will be, my friends, when we can drop economics as a universal problem, sinking it in the sea and forgetting it, and getting on to some of the real and exciting problems of mankind! I hope that I may live to see myself done out of a job as an economist.



## Books and Authors

*Eighteenth-Century Gains and Losses*

Marlborough: His Life and Times. Vol. II. By Winston Churchill. Harrap. 25s.

Sir Richard Steele. By Willard Connely. Cape. 15s.

Fox. By Christopher Hobhouse. Constable. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

IF you want to understand an epoch, fix your eyes firmly on what is not there. Don't think of what everybody was thinking; think of what everybody had forgotten. This is a paradox, whatever that may be; it is also a fact. For the true outline of history is this: that Man struggles on through marvels and masterpieces of achievement, but in each case leaves something out. When you know what he left out, you understand his success and his failure.

I dealt a fortnight ago with some of those party heroes, who succeeded the old popular heroes: with Cromwell and Queen Elizabeth and Cecil, her Minister. Well, what were they thinking about? They were thinking about all sorts of things; about almost anything except what was really happening. Elizabeth was thinking of the new doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, for it was a Tudor and not a Stuart discovery; she was also thinking about Essex and how well Sir Christopher Hatton danced. Cecil was thinking about Mary, Queen of Scots, unfortunately for Mary, Queen of Scots. Cromwell was thinking rather spasmodically about Calvinism, about his unnatural hatred of the Irish, and his rather natural annoyance with the Scotch. There was one thing none of them thought. They none of them thought what they were doing. For what they were doing was hacking the old Christendom into narrow and jealous nations. All of them were patriots. None of them were more than patriots. What they had forgotten was internationalism. What they were doing was preparing the Great War.

I have now before me a few books on the following period, the eighteenth century; and I will again ask first what was forgotten in the eighteenth century—what is left out in all these books—for that is what was really happening in all that period. The books begin with the great Whig aristocrat, Marlborough; they end with the great Whig aristocrat, Fox. That will show how the word 'Whig' could change in a hundred years. The first Whig is famous for waging war with France, the second for denouncing war with France. But through all the hundred years something is happening everywhere that is never mentioned anywhere. For this was the age of enclosures, of the growth of great estates, of the disappearance of a peasantry from England. The English yeoman was being destroyed. He remains as a curiosity in fancy dress—the Yeoman of the Guard, mysteriously called a 'Beefeater', as if it were the only boast remaining of Old England that at least he is not a vegetarian. England is now the only European country with no peasants. But nobody noticed it then, except Goldsmith, an impecunious Irishman, and you should recall his words if you fancy Tories were always toadies and snobs:

Princes and lords, the shadow of a shade,  
A breath can make them as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry a nation's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

I hope he was wrong. I have sometimes a horrible fear that he was right.

Now in every other respect this century is simply the expansion of the greatness and the glory of England. It begins rightly with the great name of Marlborough; and Mr. Winston Churchill's *Marlborough: His Life and Times* (Volume II) is a fine and worthy introduction. It is finer and certainly fairer than the first volume. But then the author deals mostly with Marlborough as a soldier and not as a politician. He has the easy task of showing Marlborough as a great man: not the steep and staggering task of showing him as a good man. It is silly to say he defends Marlborough because it is the duty of a Churchill to defend all Churchills. Let us say more genially that he defends Marlborough because it is the duty of a politician to defend the indefensible. Anyhow, I fear I found the first volume quite unconvincing. A general in the King's uniform walked out and surrendered the King's army to a foreign invader. Even his apologist really answers that everyone was deserting the King. But why were they deserting the King? Simply and solely because the King had proclaimed Religious Toleration. The

Dutch invasion brought back Intolerance; breaking the Treaty of Limerick to impose the Penal Laws; stopping the tolerant experiment in Maryland. And then Mr. Churchill asked us to believe that Marlborough was shocked by the bigotry of the King! But with the second volume, we break out of all this and breathe the broad air of great campaigns; feel the rush of the charge upon the French centre at Blenheim. There are very fine ideas in the book; and a real historical view advanced, with a real sense of style, in the paragraph beginning, 'Thus set the star of the Dutch Republic'.

I say it was the great century of English glory; I am not sure it was not greatest at the beginning. If you love England, do not boast too breezily and cheerfully that Queen Anne is dead. It may only mean that all our soldiers like Marlborough are dead; all our satirists like Swift are dead, all great stylists like Addison, all deep-hearted humourists like Steele. *Sir Richard Steele*, by Willard Connely, is a most fascinating study and carries the case forward in another way. Mr. Churchill, in order to defend the Whig hero Marlborough, had to throw over the Whig historian Macaulay. I feel a delicacy in intruding on this dispute among Whigs: on whether Marlborough was too bad for Macaulay, or Macaulay too bad for Mr. Churchill. But Macaulay did another injustice: he shamelessly sacrificed Steele to Addison. He admitted that Steele invented Sir Roger de Coverley; but Addison must have all the credit for it. Why was this? I will make a guess. Steele was an ardent Whig; but perhaps he was too ardent to be a Whig. He was romantic, and might almost have been a Jacobite. He was above all chivalrous. It has truly been said that women owe a great gratitude to Steele, whether his noble reverence was a tradition from the past or a prophecy of the future.

'But the age of Chivalry was past'—Burke's tag is relevant: for it did not pass with the French Revolution that Burke reviled; but at latest with the English Revolution that Burke revered. When the greatest of English soldiers betrays his King on the ground that his King is being betrayed, is not that the historic moment to say 'The age of Chivalry is past'? And this tag takes us on to our next book: *Fox*, by Christopher Hobhouse. For the first obvious thing to say of Mr. Hobhouse's excellent book on Fox is that it ought to have been a book on Burke. Every man writes best about what he likes most; and this book is one prolonged proof that he likes Burke better than Fox. He is probably right in saying that Fox was, after all, an aristocrat; a liberal, but a casual aristocrat. He is certainly right in suggesting that his aristocratic gang often felt that Burke was below them socially, without knowing that he was infinitely above them spiritually. He fully admits that Fox himself was too generous to be such a snob. But his whole burden is that Burke was right and Fox was wrong, and that is exactly where I begin to doubt whether Mr. Hobhouse is right. Everybody knows that Fox and Burke quarrelled about the French Revolution. That is natural enough; there is perhaps no question with more to be said on both sides. But Mr. Hobhouse has a bias against the French Revolution; and, I rather suspect, against the French. Anyhow, the point I think he misses is this. He shows Fox and the French sympathisers as presenting a new anarchical abstraction, without roots or any reference to experience; and Burke as a statesman, knowing the subtleties of real social history.

Now I think that Burke's ideal British Constitution was even more of a dream than Fox's ideal French Revolution. Burke was not really living under a long tradition of the past. He was living in the new aristocratic state, in which Fox was so secure an aristocrat that he could dream he was a democrat. Burke dreamed of a British Oak going back to the Druids. The reality was a recently clipped eighteenth-century shrub: a Dutch plant. Mr. Hobhouse says, with wild exaggeration, 'All the fruits of the French Revolution were poisonous'; many of its fruits are the ordinary humane laws under which we all now live. But what were the fruits of the old Whig aristocracy, except game-laws and man-traps and spring-guns instead of guillotines?



Burke never had a glimmer of what really needed to be done: the restraint of landlords; the return of peasants. The advantage is all the other way; Fox's French ideas have produced something practical, with all its faults, a political democracy. I doubt whether one single human being, before or after, ever saw

Burke's vision of the British Constitution. Anyhow, I want to end where I began; what was lost in the eighteenth century was the notion of small property normally distributed; and Burke had even less notion of it than Fox. Today, it is the only alternative to Bolshevism or unlimited sweating.

## The Child Artist

Picture Making by Children. By R. R. Tomlinson. The Studio. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by ADRIAN STOKES

PICTURES MADE BY CHILDREN are like the things that children say—vital, sometimes 'queer', often uncannily, and even appallingly, to the point. To examine these pictures is to enjoy the closest contact with the infant mind just as from adult art we enjoy the finest articulation of men. The art of children lacks the sustaining qualities of adult achievement. As a rule, children's pictures are æsthetic in approach rather than in result. When the child succeeds, he is triumphing over incon-

possibilities of art without being introduced to such adult achievement as may arouse an undue, and perhaps fatal, imitativeness. And, in any case, a child will be influenced by what he sees in books and so on. Moreover, by adolescence, if not well before, even without any external influence, the direct mode of expression will in most cases have been overlaid. None the less though a child may never draw again, it is obvious that he will always benefit from earlier attempts in direct statement.

For art is the mirror to all living, to the turning outwards into objective form of inner ferment.

Writing of the still recent changes in the teaching of art to children Mr. Tomlinson says, 'Briefly, it may be said, that whereas formerly children were encouraged to draw what they saw with the physical eye, they now visualise before they draw, and work sincerely and fearlessly from these mental images'. Professor Cizek, of Vienna, was the first to recognise that the child revealed himself to himself by his drawings. In 1897 Professor Cizek obtained a position as an assistant in the Realschule where he tried his first experiments in teaching. All modern teachers of children's art owe a great deal to him. Whether one is in agreement or not as to the extent to which children should be left to draw as they themselves think fit, everyone will applaud the improved materials now available for children in enlightened schools. 'The child handles paint and material easily. He will draw with the full sweep of the arm, having full command of the whole limb, if the scale of the material supplied is appropriate—a tremendous advantage over the cramped wrist movement of the senior child, so often developed by the use of the fine point and small pieces of paper'. Owing to the increased size of the drawings and the use of charcoal

and the hog-hair brush, there is a boldness in children's work today. Lino and wood-block cutting and printing grows in popularity. 'This tendency should be encouraged', says Mr. Tomlinson, 'as the process lends itself admirably to the simple statements of children; it also stimulates expression in those who have a bent towards craft activities'.



Pastoral scene in crayon and pencil, 10½ ins. by 13½ ins., by a Rumanian girl

Illustrations from 'Picture Making by Children'

sistencies by the strength of his straightforward approach. Herein lies the stimulus to adults of children's work. Admittedly the child is nearer the unconscious. His art is the same the world over. In the study of children's work we may well discover some original pictorial fantasies and the original stimulation to project fantasy in the form of spatial arrangement, and indeed the mechanism of artistic projection altogether. The earliest scribbling is itself of interest. Similar scribbling has been found in the Palæolithic caves at Altamira. What does the pencil itself and the paper mean to the child?

Such speculations will occur to the reader who looks through these reproductions of children's pictures and reads Mr. Tomlinson's enlightened essay. The pictures are by children of all ages and countries. Some of the reproductions are in colour, the majority in half-tone. They are not arranged in any sequence, and it would perhaps have been better if they had been ordered chronologically. For one will not turn over these pages idly; one will want to discover the typical variation due to age, especially since Mr. Tomlinson gives us some generalisations about the subjects preferred for painting at different ages. (In general, a boy's favourite subject is a ship; a girl's is some form of plant life or a house.)

But Mr. Tomlinson's aim is not so much to satisfy our curiosity on these points nor to establish psychological facts. He shows us what children may achieve when left to themselves or, rather, when they are encouraged by their teachers in their own ways, when they are taught to express themselves. Such a teacher employs a very difficult technique; and it is not altogether clear from these pages how his objective may be achieved. For it is difficult to see how a child can be made acquainted with the full



Cocks: a colour poster, 16½ ins. by 18½ ins., by a five-year-old girl in Buffalo



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Retreat from Glory.** By R. H. Bruce Lockhart  
Putnam. 10s. 6d.

THOSE WHO ENJOYED Mr. Lockhart's *Memoirs of a British Agent* will turn to his new book with the same pleasurable anticipation as that with which they would approach the long-awaited sequel to a favourite novel. And they will not be disappointed, for the new book has the same unaccountably exciting quality as its predecessor. Mr. Lockhart takes up his tale where he left it off, and his *Retreat from Glory* begins with his release from imprisonment in Russia in exchange for no less a personage than Litvinoff. After a year's recuperation, the next seven years of his life were spent at Prague, first as Commercial Secretary at the British Legation, and then, after a brief interval at Vienna, as a banker. His duties involved extensive travelling, and his observations on the Central European tangle are of exceptional, and, of course, highly topical, interest. It may be true, as he suggests, that nine-tenths of British Members of Parliament confuse Budapest with Bucharest, but the remaining tenth not only of the House of Commons, but also of the banking world (on whose ignorance of foreign affairs he comments) and indeed of the whole electorate, should read this book. It is not an encouraging picture of Europe which he paints, for he finds the rock of economic commonsense submerged by the waves of chauvinism, and the result 'economic autarchy gone mad'. Of Hungary he writes: 'I was in favour of a proper frontier adjustment . . . But when I asked myself whether any Hungarian would be satisfied with a strictly just revision, I was forced to answer "no" . . . I have never met a Hungarian who in his secret heart . . . does not understand by revision the return to Hungary of all the minority races who once composed the bulk of her pre-War population'. He is equally sound on the question of the Austrian *Anschluss*: 'When economic conditions were intolerably bad, ninety per cent. of the Austrians were for the *Anschluss*. When they were tolerably good, ninety per cent. were against it'. Of Italo-Yugoslav antagonism he writes that 'Italian Imperialism has done more to weld Croats, Slovenes and Serbs into one Yugoslav nationality than the wisest statesman could have done in fifty years'. His picture of Czechoslovakia and its people does much to explain and render sympathetic 'that queer mixture of Slav mysticism and Teutonic materialism which form the basis of the Czech character'.

Mr. Lockhart has had great opportunities. It is not everyone who can claim to have given away the only extant letter written by Lenin in his own handwriting in English, to have discussed Bernard Shaw's 'The Apple Cart' with the ex-Kaiser, to have staged the first St. Andrew's Day celebration held in Prague since the days of Elizabeth Stuart, the Winter Queen of Bohemia. But this alone does not make the book. Its amusing anecdotes, its vivid descriptions and shrewd political judgments, its gallery of portraits, full-length or in vignette, are held together by the personality of the author. Self-consciously he exhibits all his faults and weaknesses: unconsciously he reveals a generous, kindly outlook, a wide human sympathy and interest. There are one or two slips which should be corrected in the next edition. Pivltzer should surely be Plitvitz on page 101. 'Soha' not 'soya' is the Hungarian for 'never' (page 108). And Payle Radić was the nephew, not the brother, of Stjepan Radić (page 332).

**Balletomania, the Story of an Obsession**

By Arnold L. Haskell. Gollancz. 18s.

The sub-title sums up all the praise and criticism that the book deserves. It is indeed 'the story of an obsession'—with dancing and dancers even more than with the complex whole which the Ballet became at the hands of Diaghilev and his collaborators. On dancing and dancers the author is eloquent, fervid, ingenious, and thorough. What he has to say on technical matters such as, for instance, 'attack, atmosphere, expression, arabesque', or on the respective personalities of great dancers, is most illuminating—far more so than his chapter on so essential a matter as the artistic background of the ballet. Anybody who, loving opera as Mr. Haskell loves the ballet, wrote a big book on his obsession could hardly help speaking a good deal of the character of the operas, of music, and

settings, and so on. But it is almost exclusively with regard to 'Les Présages' and 'Choreartium' that Mr. Haskell really goes into the question how far music, setting, and dancing co-operate or are at loggerheads. As regards general ideas, one of the meatiest things in the book is the *verbatim* report of a long conversation with Fokine. And it is excellent that the great choreographer should have received full tribute for the all-important part he played. The chapter on Diaghilev is first-rate. It shows his human side, and provides needful correctives to many of the assertions in Mrs. Romola Nijinsky's book on her husband.

Mr. Haskell is right in saying that the ideal manager for a ballet company is 'a dictator with advisers'. Diaghilev was a dictator of genius, who knew to the full how and where to get what he needed, including the right kind of advisers. And the remark that he was 'even more an audience than a showman'—as sensitive to, and interested in, every single detail as the most experienced, eager, and fastidious spectator could be—is as shrewd an explanation as one could wish for of the wonderful results he usually achieved.

**Peace With Honour.** By A. A. Milne. Methuen. 5s.

*Peace With Honour* has the greatest purpose in the world, and it is so readable as to arrest the reader's attention from beginning to end. It is a classic example of debunking written by a man who is fully qualified to debunk. We suppose this review will be read at least by hundreds, possibly by thousands. If each one among those hundreds and those thousands really wants a world free for a living struggle, but purged of the wasteful absurdities of war, let him buy this short and inexpensive book, and read it and re-read it. Let him persuade his friends and acquaintances to read it, and if Mr. Milne's gospel becomes widespread, as he himself says, 'The thing will be done'.

There is no need to warn the reader against skipping any passages. This is one of those rare books which will not allow you to skip anything. We think that the last chapter is perhaps the best and the most eloquent. Mr. Milne's public may feel themselves entitled to expect wit from their favourite. They will have it. He has the divine faculty of making one laugh spontaneously and unexpectedly. For example, the passage 'If Ramsay MacDonald were Milne, and Mussolini were Milne, and Stalin were Milne . . . If Beaverbrook were Milne, and Rothermere were Milne. . . . If only the Pope were Milne, and the Archbishop of Canterbury were Milne'. Or his treatment of a circular from the 'Hands Off Britain Air Defence League', which cries 'Why wait for a bomber to leave Berlin at 4 o'clock and wipe out London at 8?' After dealing for a page with the League's injunction to 'create a new winged army of long-range British bombers to smash the foreign hornets in their nests', he gently points out that if 'London is not to be "wiped out" at 8 by bombers leaving Berlin at 4, then Berlin must be "wiped out" at 3 by bombers leaving London at 11. And the only German defence to the bombers leaving London at 11 is for the bombers leaving Berlin at 6 to "wipe them out" at 10. . . . So we might go backwards till we extend our schemes of destruction far behind the present point of time.

The 'oath' to be taken by the leaders of each country renouncing both attack and defence might have the effect which Mr. Milne believes; but we should have liked him not only to expose the discredited forms of patriotism, and the paralytic attempts so far made to secure disarmament, but also to state his views upon the opinion which is so widely gaining ground. Does he think that an International Police Force would be equally absurd? Is that proposal yet another sample of the ineptitude of Elder Statesmen?

**Open the Sky.** By John Pudney. Boriswood. 5s.

It was evident in Mr. Pudney's first book of poems, *Spring Encounter*, that here was a poet in whom the social sense, though keenly developed, was not going to be exploited at the expense of that sensuous appeal which is the basis of all true poetry. In fact those lyrics came like the first almond blossom after the rigours of winter. One had felt the same enthusiasm, though to a much greater degree, at the appearance of Mr. Spender's poems. The rest of the younger moderns seemed intent on prolonging



the winter of Mr. Eliot's waste land; but in Mr. Spender and Mr. Pudney English poetry recovered from a very necessary catharsis and entered upon a hopeful convalescence. The poems in *Spring Encounter* may have been slight, but the magical, Keatsian note was in them. It is here, again, in *Open the Sky*—and the poems are no longer slight. They give the joy that comes of suddenly alighting on memorable lines—the unmistakable music of traditional English poetry:

Here, darling, is my life, surprised as country morning  
and, from the same poem

Athlete my life springs out to you today.

Such lines drop immediately into the reader's consciousness and slowly come to life there, as genuine poetry always does, budding with new meaning as they become familiar with use. One wishes for more of this sort of thing in modern poetry. Its absence, in the majority of the younger poets, is apt to suggest that their strong social sense has made them wary of the merely sensuous appeal of poetry. This is a pity, for, as Mr. Pudney here proves, the inclusion of the one need not involve the exclusion of the other. Mr. Pudney's social awareness is as keen as anybody's.

There must be equal joy:  
and such content as two,  
as, hand in hand,  
two on awakening from their love  
behold the orderly daylight arched above.

He has that 'despair which keeps him in the race'. He sings in the vanguard of the march of human progress; a propagandist—but first of all a singer. Not only is his keen social sense to be found at the foundation of most of the score of short poems in this book (all of them notable for that 'precision in the pace' which was remarked in the poems of *Spring Encounter*), but it is also the foundation of the modern morality play which is the book's chief contents. 'Joseph', a verse play in three acts, has for its theme the new life that is being painfully born today out of the agony of the old. Joseph,

that Agitator, who has dared to breed,  
the workless engineer who to and fro  
offers a failing brain and useless fingers,

is being pursued by 'the Hushmen', while upstairs in the inn Mary gives birth to her child, and the three Magi (a broker, a mortgagee, and an ace) naively exhibit their worthless gifts. Joseph is mauled by the Hushmen, and dies, prophesying the good issue ('just for today they win') which shall follow with the thawing of the ice upon the hill-tops. With his blood Mary baptizes the child. It is an ambitious theme and Mr. Pudney is to be congratulated for the dignity and moving sincerity with which it is worked out: there are fine craftsmanship in the verse and disciplined passion in the content.

### Isaac Newton: A Biography

By Louis Trenchard More. Scribners. 18s.

### Newton and the Origin of Colours

By Michael Roberts and E. R. Thomas. Bell. 3s. 6d.

There are several good short accounts of Sir Isaac Newton in print, but till now there has been no satisfactory critical biography to which 'full-length', 'authoritative' and 'definitive' might reasonably be applied. Professor More of Cincinnati recognised this need seven years ago at the bicentenary of Newton's death and made up his mind to satisfy it; the result is the present large volume, beautifully printed and bound, and clearly a labour of love. It surveys in a masterly way the life and character of the greatest man of science the world has yet seen. It shows deep learning. The author gives a well-balanced account of the many-sidedness of Newton. He completes the portrait touch by touch. He omits little that is relevant and he has an eye for the critical moments.

Whence came Newton's genius? There seems to be no answer; there was nothing out of the way about any of his forbears. Newton was a posthumous child, very delicate in early childhood, unable to do very much at school. When he went up to Trinity he had hardly any mathematics and little of other schooling, but then and there occurred the great blossoming of genius which continued till about his fiftieth year. He was equally good as experimentalist, as theorist in physics, and as mathematician. He seemed quite suddenly to develop that rare insight into nature which sees at once what is really important, so that neither time nor pains need be spent over lines of thought that lead nowhere. The sure ease with which he arrived at correct

conclusions, and the astonishing rate at which he produced his results, are two of the most impressive things about him. He was a simple and modest man, direct in all he did, but secretive in nature and at times over-sensitive to criticism. This odd combination of qualities led him to waste time and energy, both in suffering fools too gladly and in needless controversy and misunderstandings with men like Leibnitz and Hooke—fellow-workers in science—which strike us now as lacking in generosity and even in common courtesy. Professor More has taken great trouble to trace a path through the maddening jungle of statement and retort which form the staple of these fights. He has done good service also in describing Newton's activities outside of science. Newton was in many ways a useful member of Cambridge University; he was interested in politics, took a hand in them at the Revolution and, for a short time, was a Member of Parliament; he was a successful Master of the Mint; he was one of the best read, though not the most prolific, theologians of the day; he was expert in chronology. All this is admirably treated by Professor More.

One thing is lacking: a clear account of the relation of the work of Einstein and the moderns to the classical physics which Newton founded. Anyone interested in Newton today is bound to be interested in this, too. Professor More, however, is out of sympathy with some of the recent developments of physics, and is disparaging about 'electronic structures', 'modern cosmogonies' and the 'hypothetical science' in the ascendant now. He does not realise that this criticism of his is quite uninformed, and that, in any case, nothing in the physics of today can weaken to any degree Newton's great work.

The book by Mr. Roberts and Mr. Thomas is one of the series called 'Classics of Scientific Method' which has been appearing at intervals in the past ten years. The central theme is Newton's work on colour. It is used as basis for an exposition of scientific method, especially of the relation of hypothesis to experimental work. Extensive quotation from the original writings enables the reader to see a man of genius at work, reducing ignorance and speculation to a beautiful and exact science. An appropriate chapter on the development of optics since Newton's day completes an interesting and stimulating book which is nicely produced and well illustrated.

### Election by Lot at Athens. By J. W. Headlam Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press are to be congratulated on the re-issue of this book, edited and revised by Mr. D. C. Macgregor. It has an interest both for the student of Greek history and for the student of politics and political institutions in the modern world. Mr. Macgregor in his excellent introduction and notes has done full justice to Headlam's place among Hellenists and has filled up the gaps in evidence which the researches of historians since 1891 (when the book was first published as a prize essay) have necessarily revealed.

It is mainly for its wise insight into the working of political institutions in their relation to political theory that the non-specialist reader will turn to this work, surely unique among prize essays. As its title indicates, the book is concerned mainly with giving an account of the place of the lot in appointing officers under the Athenian constitution. Athenian democracy may have been a relatively short-lived affair. But, at its best, the Athenian democracy knew what it wanted and consistently went for it. It wanted government to be in the hands of the assembly of the people, it wanted no aristocratic, oligarchic, plutocratic or bureaucratic control. There may be a case against even a perfect democracy but granted that it was the object aimed at and that the ends of democracy were the ends valued and desired in common by a body of citizens, Headlam is at pains to show that any other method of selecting officers other than by lot would have failed in its purpose. Selection by lot from a panel of eligible citizens (eligibility was limited only by age and certain offences against the state) had two broad results. It prevented the government from passing from the assembly into the hands of an exclusive group, and it involved the rotation of offices among all the citizens in turn. That is, it kept responsibility where in a democracy it ought to be, in the people, and it forced the members of the assembly to be politically educated by compelling them to face the responsibilities of administrative office. How could such a disposition of power be reconciled with even a minimum of efficiency? Headlam, we think, makes out his case that, at its best, the Athenian democracy was not conspicuously inefficient and,



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indeed, was in many respects a remarkably well-run polity. For a very interesting discussion of this point the reader must turn to the book itself.

If we look at the problems of the modern state we find ourselves confronted with the same set of difficulties. We have the most diverse methods of choosing our rulers. We elect our Parliamentary representatives; we have the personnel of our governing body, the Cabinet, given to us; we examine our Civil servants; we appoint our judges; we draw lots for our juries. What are the results? Are they always the same, whatever the method, or different? Are offices, or only some offices, in our own state the reward of birth, or ability, or wealth, or chance or what? No one supposes we can run our great nation-states of the twentieth century on the lines of a Greek city-state or a Swiss Canton. But ought we not to ask ourselves more often than we do what kind of government we get from our present methods of selection? Is it the kind we want? It is at any rate a fundamental question to ask and we ought to know where we stand. Nor must we forget that politics are not confined to Parliaments and City Councils. In our churches, our clubs, our trade unions we are always faced with the problem of realising some purpose through the institutional means by which we express it. It is not without interest that, in a Club for unemployed men known to the writer where the democratic principle was regarded as fundamental, a rule was adopted that any man who could get himself nominated by two other members, was put on a panel from which the members of the Com-

mittee were drawn by lot in rotation. The reason given (without anyone concerned knowing anything about the working of Athenian democracy) was precisely that put forward by Headlam in explaining the use of the lot in Athens. 'It prevents the management of the Club getting into the hands or control of any "set" who might use it for their own purposes; and every man gets a chance of doing his bit in running the show'. There is no one interested in politics in the widest sense who will not profit by reading this book.

### A Mediæval Post Bag. By Laetitia Lyell Cape. 10s. 6d.

Miss Laetitia Lyell's book might better have been called 'An English Fifteenth-Century Post Bag', for that is what it is. The letters are selected from collections, the Pastor, Stonor, Cely and others, accessible enough to students but quite out of the orbit of the ordinary reader. It was a happy idea to make a volume of them, prefixed with a long agreeable essay explaining the families in turn. Letters have an important place in the mastery of idiom. The children of the writers of those letters, which belong to the middle and end of the fifteenth century, were to be the first public for printed books, and for the English popular writings, from the vernacular sermons of John Fisher of Rochester onwards, which become an increasing feature of Tudor England. The letters are admirably colloquial, and use many words whose return to common speech would enrich all our lives, whether they deal with 'japes' or 'sad matters'.

## Restoration: Plain and Coloured

England in the Reign of Charles II. By David Ogg. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 30s.  
The England of Charles II. By Arthur Bryant. Longmans. 6s.

UNHAPPILY IT CANNOT BE SAID that recent inquiries have brought us many degrees closer to an understanding of the behaviour of our ancestors in the second half of the seventeenth century. Nevertheless a revival of interest among writers in a period long neglected may be an indication that the conditions of our own day are compelling a sympathetic searching of the mind and habits of another equally complex chapter in the story of the country's development; we somehow feel the age to have had problems akin to our own. And gone at any rate are the traditional features of the foreground: the merry and extravagant monarch and the orange-girl, the well defined party cleavages, the careless, venal inefficiency of state officials. Gone, too, is the charming indolence that gave a not very convincing bloom to the recreated complexion of Restoration life. Men were harder and more subtle than we may have thought. Mr. Ogg's *England in the Reign of Charles II* is a land where misunderstanding, malice, heartburnings and tragedy have their full place. Indeed a reading of the political sections alone is almost unbearably depressing, so completely sustained is the story of treachery and human folly. The stupid cruelties of the Popish Plot campaign and the horrors of the subsequent royalist reaction are almost as disgusting as some of the recent events in Central Europe. 'They were in many things still children, these ancestors of ours . . . and it is as children as well as men that they must be judged'. This is a conclusion of Mr. Bryant, who is incorrigibly a romantic. One feels it to be unduly patronising. Better is his more considered judgment:

Proud and unbending, their natures were often tinged by melancholy and deep feeling that turned their pugnacity to strange enthusiasms and stranger oddities. Everywhere in England, wrote a foreigner, 'you will meet with gloomy and fanatical thoughts, humours, presumption and extravagance of thought'.

More cynical—or realistic—than Mr. Bryant allows us to suppose, it was a great and formative age, deserving of the closest study, if history has lessons to teach. Mr. Ogg, in a work of 785 closely-printed pages, has performed an important service to scholarship. His intention has been to plot out and fill in a cross-section of national growth, omitting no significant aspect. In the course of twenty-five years parts of the image move out of focus, but the details are tolerably clear. Much of this book is admirable; all of it is readable, for Mr. Ogg combines a clear and spirited narrative style with a gift for quick shrewd summary. It is no fault of his that the course of diplomatic relations often seems tortuous beyond our simple understanding; he makes no attempt to clarify where the darkness is impenetrable. The lonely

and enigmatic figure of the cleverest of the Stuart kings remains as queer an ingredient of the story as ever it has been in the textbooks. Let us observe that Mr. Ogg says nothing about the domestic concerns of the Court—excusably enough, for we are all tired of the frail ladies and the spaniels. The heart of the country was not in Whitehall Palace.

Mr. Bryant's previous excursions into the Restoration scene have made him familiar with every court and passage in the old group of royal buildings which stood between the present Horse Guards and the river bank. He finds London irresistibly attractive. 'What happened to ordinary people in ordinary days in the reign of Charles the Second' is the sub-title on his cover. We are taken from Dover Haven to the capital in the imaginary company of an observant foreign traveller. After a time this gentleman slips away; but we continue on our conducted tour, examining buildings and their occupants, country habits, sports, family relationships, education and the singularities of local government. It is all very pleasantly described, with a wealth of illustration from family papers and diaries. 'Ordinary people' for Mr. Bryant means the landed gentry and their connections. Mechanics and peasants certainly make their appearance now and again, but they are portrayed with less imaginative sympathy. A barber is 'an occasional luxury' rather than a fellow subject of the squire. When playing ninepins at the inn 'one could generally get a fellow to set up the pins for a pint of ale'.

A fairer notion of social relationships is furnished by Mr. Ogg's serene detachment. His lively and frequently witty encyclopædia of carefully weighed information brings an immense amount of learning to bear upon the lives of all ordinary men. He writes of the physical background, the uses of the countryside, the leading commodities in agriculture and industry, the diversities of occupation, prisons and churches, foreign trade, naval technique and strategy (pretty good this from a landsman), the intricacies of fiscal procedure, the police, the courts and the liberty of the subject. There is a long concluding chapter on the advance of scholarship and criticism, the fashion of thought, with a useful section on that vigorous spirit of exact observation and inquiry which we associate with the founding of the Royal Society (1662). Thomas Hobbes, to whom Mr. Bryant refers only to misquote, is here handled with unusual skill and understanding. Only in occasional patches of his vast canvas does Mr. Ogg's hand falter, as in his obvious under-estimation of the score and complexity of the coal trade (badly indexed), which is due to a failure to notice Dr. Nef's recent book on the subject.

A. V. JUDGES



## New Stories

Seven Gothic Tales. By Isak Dinesen. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

The Taking of the Gry. By John Masefield. Heinemann. 6s.

Doctor Martino and Other Stories. By William Faulkner. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by EDWIN MUIR

THESE three books are examples of the art of the story. They all tell of remarkable or strange events, in other words, for that is the theme of the pure storyteller as distinct from the novelist. The distinction is a rough and ready one; many novels are excellent stories, Dostoevsky's for instance; and all good stories create character indirectly as all good novels do deliberately. The novel is the more loose and spacious form of the two, and allows the writer to express more directly what he thinks about life, for the digression is a legitimate and often enjoyable part of the novel; but the story, though formally far stricter, has a greater freedom in one way: in invention. The theme of Mr. David Garnett's *Lady into Fox* is admirable as the subject of a story; it would be impossible as the subject of a novel. There are signs that the story is becoming more popular again. A case might be made out for the theory that this is due to the present depression and the desire to escape from it, and there may be some truth in that. On the other hand there is obviously a place for the literature of escape, which has been somewhat harshly censured now for over a decade; and entertainments such as 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', 'Comus' or *Robinson Crusoe* need no excuse, since the function of literature is to delight as well as to instruct or fortify. One of the useful effects of literature of escape, as of all imaginative literature, is that it momentarily frees us from the pressure of actuality: all that we need ask of it is that it should not hand us back to actuality again with a weakened power of resistance, as the sentimental novel does, but if possible a little more capable of dealing with it than before. Utopias in general, the most popular modern form of the literature of escape, have this weakening effect in the highest degree, because, like politicians at election time, they raise hopes which they cannot satisfy, and leave us depressed with life in general. A purely or a semi-fanciful story must not raise our hopes in the slightest degree, or else it becomes a form of poison. The worst vice of the sentimental novel, so innocuous in appearance, is that it generally does this. None of the stories in this list is guilty of such a crime, and they have the justification of dealing, at a farther remove than the novel, with quite serious things.

'Isak Dinesen' is the pseudonym of Baroness Blixen of Rungstedlund, a Danish lady who writes in English. Her *Seven Gothic Tales* deal mostly with the period of the Romantic Movement at the beginning of last century. The author takes that period with its romantic lovers, Byronic pilgrims, revolutionary heroes, high-born hermits and headstrong heroines, and creates out of it a completely fanciful world of her own, the nearest parallel to which that I can think of being the world evoked in the four or five lovely songs which Goethe gives to Mignon in 'Wilhelm Meister'. The world of these songs has, of course, far more depth and beauty than the one in this book, for they probably represent the highest reach in romantic poetry, as well as in Goethe's own. But the author of *Seven Gothic Tales* has recaptured some of the strangeness of that strange world, in chance images and momentary turns of fancy, and that is what makes her book so exciting and sometimes enchanting to read, in spite of its occasional meretriciousness. The Italy she evokes in her first story has something of the quality of the beautiful poem which Goethe wrote before seeing that country, and is like an incarnation of the northern dream of the classical South which is to be found so often in German poetry. The story is about a smelling bottle 'such as ladies of an earlier generation had been wont to use, made in the shape of a heart. It had painted on it a landscape with large trees and a bridge across a river. In the background, on a high hill or rock, was a pink castle with a tower, and on a ribbon below it was written *Amitié sincère*'. In the course of a chance adventure near Pisa the hero, a typical Byronic pilgrim, comes across the actual original of the landscape painted on the bottle, and in the castle itself he is given, as a reward for a service he has rendered, a similar bottle on which is painted the northern house where he spent his childhood. There is a mixture of the artificial and the

real, the tiny and the great, in this fancy which produces that effect of two worlds co-existing together which is the essence of magic. This incident gives a good idea of the author's curious and exquisite fancy. There is another, somewhat different in style, in the same story. Count Augustus von Schimmelmann is wandering in Italy because of his wife's strange jealousy. She is not jealous of other women, but she is of everything else, even of the jewels her husband gives her. He bought her a pair of eardrops. 'These were very fine, and he had been so pleased to have got them that he had fastened them in her ears himself, and held up the mirror for her to see them. She watched him, and was aware that his eyes were on the diamonds and not on her face. She quickly took them off and handed them to him'. The book is full of such evocations of curious possibility, in which the feelings seem to invent a romantic world of their own, which one feels to be true on some plane of imagination. The first story, 'The Roads Round Pisa', is probably the best; in the others, too, there are fine touches, but mixed with a great deal of romantic lumber, and the whole book is uneven. The author's reflections are as original as her fancy. An old woman and her nephew try by a stratagem to get the better of a self-willed young girl:

A good deal of her pallor and immobility might be due to the wine and the exertion of the night, and God only knew if they would ever get her into their power. She had in her the magnet, the maelstrom quality of drawing everything which came inside her circle of consciousness into her own being and making it one with herself. It was a capacity, he thought, which had very likely been a characteristic of the martyrs, and which may well have aggravated the Great Inquisitor, or even the Emperor Nero himself, to the brink of madness. The tortures, the stake, the lions, they made their own, and thereby conveyed to them a great harmonious beauty; but the torturer they left outside. No matter what efforts he made to possess them, they stood in no relation to him, and in fact deprived him of existence.

These extracts should show that the book is quite unusual, and that, although it treats of an artificial world, it is worth reading.

*The Taking of the Gry* is the story of how a Dutch ship loaded with ammunition was stolen out of the harbour of a hostile port by a South American naval officer, the mate of an English merchantman, and the crew of a Liverpool tug, when the feat seemed quite impossible. Mr. Masefield is a superb storyteller, and the theme might have been made for him. The very end of the story is perhaps a little disappointing, but whether that is because a difficult feat no longer seems difficult once it is accomplished, or because one would like the book to go on and on, it is hard to say. The atmosphere of the two little South American towns, Santa Anna and Santa Barbara, is conveyed by a few vivid touches. The whole story is told with masterly economy, and the characters, though merely indicated, are solid and real.

The short-stories in *Doctor Martino* are somewhat uneven, and the title story is one of the weakest of them. Several are disfigured by the magazine-story manner; but they show that Mr. Faulkner is, when he likes, a fine master of the simple narrative. 'Turn About', which is about the War, is as effective as Mr. Kipling at his best, and in pretty much the same style. It is not Mr. Faulkner at his best, but it is a very skilful example of immediately effective storytelling. 'Fox Hunt' and 'The Hound' are very good indeed. 'Death Drag' is another Kipling-like tale: it is curious that when Mr. Faulkner writes about aeroplanes or ships of war his imagination becomes mechanical and conventional. The volume, though patchy, is readable, and a little of it has the immediacy which makes Mr. Faulkner the most exciting novelist writing at present.

Mr. Muir also recommends: *Tender is the Night*, by F. Scott Fitzgerald (Chatto and Windus); *The Dark Island*, by V. Sackville-West (Hogarth Press); *The Foolscap Rose*, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Cassell); *Wind from the North*, by Joseph O'Neill (Cape)—all 7s. 6d.; and *The Master of Hestviken*, by Sigrid Undset (Cassell, 8s. 6d.).